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THE
HISTORY
OF
NETTERVILLE,
A Chance Pedestrian.

A Nobel.

“ The shifts and turns, the expedients, and inventions,
“ Multifform ; to which the mind resorts in chase of terms,
“ Tho’ apt, yet coy, and difficult to win.
“ To arrest the fleeting images that fill
“ The mirror of the mind, and hold them fast ;
“ And force them sit, till he has pencil’d off
“ A faithful likeness of the forms he views.”

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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NETTERVILLE.

CHAP. I.

"He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer

"The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
his outsides,

"Wear them like his raiment, carelessly,

"And never prefer his injuries to his heart, to bring
it into danger."

OUR hero had scarcely put the memoirs of Blanche into his pocket, before Latimer entered the room; and after conversing for some time on indifferent subjects, he turned the discourse to the only one which appeared to occupy his thoughts. Lewisham attempted to rally him on the inconstancy of his nature, and the sudden transfer he had made of his affections.—"Ah, my friend!"

replied he, laying his hand on his heart—

“None without hope, ere lov’d the brightest fair.

“Love calls for love——”

“Not all the pride of beauty;

“Those eyes which tell us what the sun is made of;

“Those lips whose touch is to be bought with life;

“Those hills of driven snow, which seen are felt;

“All these possess’d are nought, but as they are

“The proof and substance of an inward passion,

“And the rich plunder of a taken heart!”

“And then do you really think, Latimer, that Blanche loves you?” Latimer coloured, hesitated, and at length replied—“I hope time and assiduity on my part may awaken an interest in her heart—let me die if I do not think her handsomer than Clara!” Lewisham shook his head—“Ah, my friend, your sentiments are strangely altered; O would to God that it was in the power of woman to overcome my attachment

attachment to Miss Walsingham; but I am made, I fear, of very old-fashioned materials, and an impression once fixed never to be erased."—"I hope," said Latimer gaily, "you do not mean to die in despair, to convince Clara of your fidelity?" Lewisham smiled—

"Men have died (continued Latimer) from time to time;

"And worms have eaten them—but not for love.

"Well, 'Constancy' is my motto," said Lewisham, "and only with life can I lose the remembrance of Clara's virtues"—

"Let no mortal sing to me

"The stupid joys of constancy;

"Nature bids her subjects range,

"All Creation's full of change."

"I wish, dear Latimer," said Lewisham, "that I could persuade you to be serious for only one half hour—I wish

I could persuade you to answer me candidly one question which I mean to propose to you."—"Name it," said Latimer hastily, "but beware how you encroach on the friendship between us."—"I have done," said Lewisham; "I have, it is true, no right either to admonish or advise—yet I wish you to beware how you commit an action which wars against every manly, every noble feeling; your heart is not formed for the dominion of vice."—"I wish to know, Mr. Netterville, what has given you a right to question my conduct?"—Friendship, the most sincere and disinterested—the right which every man has to succour the innocent, and to protect the weak—the right of claiming a voluntary promise made in my presence!"—"And pray, sir," asked Latimer, laying his hand on his sword, "who dared to affirm that I ever did, or ever shall violate a promise?"

mise?"—"I hope in God you never will," said Lewisham; but why all this anger? you know I am actuated solely by the wish of rendering you happy; and, in your cooler moments, you will allow it."—"I am cool now," said Latimer, walking about the room, "perfectly cool, when I assure you I will answer no impertinent questions—your friendship, Mr. Netterville, I disclaim from this moment;" and he walked towards the door—"Your Quixotic fight of protecting fair damsels in distress you may exert," continued he, sarcastically; "but with regard to any promise made by me, I am sufficient to vindicate my own honour, and shall perform it or not, as I think proper, without once stopping to consider what your wisdom may think of it." The entrance of an officer now put a stop to the conversation for some moments; and Latimer retired, but immediately
B 3 returning,

returning, exclaimed, "I was to blame, Mt. Netterville, ever to suffer myself to entertain a friendship degrading to my family"—"Stop, Latimer," cried our hero, "stop an instant, to reflect on the consequences of your rashness, if not for your own sake, for mine—consider the extent of misery which must attend your perseverance;" and he laid his hand on the arm of Latimer—"as yet," continued he, "we are friends, my obligations to your uncle"—"Drop your obligations," cried Latimer—"cancel your friendship—you are a mean, dishonourable scoundrel, not content with striving to rival me in the esteem of Clara, you are now practising your diabolical arts on the unsuspecting mind of Miss Darlington:"—Lewisham laid his hand on his sword, "In your cooler moments," said he, "you will, I am sure, apologize for this outrage—O, Latimer, into what a situation

situation have you thrown me! my own character, as a man, as an officer, will not suffer me to put up tamely with an insult of this nature—yet I will be calm.”—His composure still more irritated Latimer; who, no longer being able to controul his passion, struck him a violent blow on the cheek.—“This is beyond human nature, to support—I can endure no more,” exclaimed he, turning to the officer.—“Mr. Mapleton you have witnessed my provocation; I should, indeed, deserve the imputation of cowardice, could I tamely put up with an insult like this—Mr. Latimer, you will hear from me in the evening. Come, Mapleton, it is time for us to keep our engagement.” So saying, he took that gentleman by the arm, leaving Captain Latimer in possession of the field, but whether conqueror or not I leave my readers to determine. As soon as they quitted the

B 4

apartment,

apartment, Lewisham explained to Mr. Mapleton the origin of this disagreement, and requested him to be his second on the occasion. "But I have several little matters to arrange," said he, "and will consider myself particularly obliged, if you will call on me in the evening." Mr. Mapleton promised to do as he requested, and for the present they separated.—What were now the reflections of Lewisham?—Alas! his mind was in a state of anarchy and confusion; for though the laws of honour, and the peculiarity of his situation, obliged him to meet Latimer, yet he could neither reconcile it to his conscience or his feelings, to meet, in a hostile manner, the man whom he still considered as his friend—a man with whom he had lived in habits of intimacy—and who he had seen every day for the space of three months—whose uniform friendliness of conduct had, except

except in this one instance, been unvaried—the nephew of Lord Newark—perhaps to take away his life; and by this one act, plunge a dagger in that bosom, which had been generously open in raising him from obscurity; or, perhaps, to lose his own in the commission of an action which was at variance with every principle of piety and religion, and which, at the very moment he determined to hazard, his mind recoiled from—yet the world and its censures proved too much for his resolution, and, in compliance with its arbitrary laws, he sat down and wrote to Latimer, but not with his usual composure.—“I could,” cried he, flinging down the pen, “meet death, in the day of battle, without agitation—but thus deliberately to lift my hand against my associate—O Heavens! it is too much! World, world! how cruel and illiberal art thou; yet I cannot bear

your contempt, I cannot bear to have my name branded with infamy.—O beloved, and lamented instructor of my youth! no longer art thou present, to admonish thy once loved Lewisham—no longer can he consult thee in the hour of distress—no longer can he ease his distracted heart by unbosoming himself to thee.—O God, I have no possibility of extricating myself from this labyrinth!" He now first recollected, that should he fall in the engagement which was determined on, his death would, in all probability, leave the unfortunate Blanche a defenceless prey to the machinations of Latimer; and he resolved to use every argument in his power to persuade her to quit Margate that night, and put herself under the protection of Clara—the recollection of her at this moment agitated him.—"Clara, beloved Clara!" cried he, "perhaps I shall never see you more—

will you shed one tear over my grave?
—will you heave one sigh to his me-
mory who would have sacrificed ex-
istence for your sake? Yet what will
it avail me then—O my sad heart!”—

At the entrance of the house he met
Latimer, who cast at him a fierce
glance of contemptuous defiance.—
Lawisham supported himself with a dig-
nified calmness, and pausing a few
moments, entered the apartment of
Blanche in his accustomed disengaged
manner; after the usual compliments
had passed, he informed her that he
apprehended he should quit Margate
sooner than he at first intended.—

“And as you have often wished for the
society of some amiable woman, I am
now come, Miss Darlington, to re-
quest you will give me the satisfaction
of knowing you to be in a place of
safety before my departure leaves you
without a protector.”—“I cannot quit

Margate," replied Blanche, "without seeing Captain Latimer: I have just now promised him to take no step of the kind without consulting him."—"Miss Darlington," cried Lewisham, with emotion, "I entreat, I implore you, for once, to wave all scrupulous delicacy, and let me hire a chaise to convey you to Clara; you know not the interpretation a cruel and malevolent world will put on your receiving the visits of my friend—have, alas! most probably, put on them already."—"Then your own," replied Blanche, smiling, "pass without comment or remark!"—"I am an obscure individual," returned he, "the character of my friend is well known; he almost lives in your society; yet pardon my frankness, believe me I mean not to offend."—"I can never be offended with you," returned Blanche, "but my word has been pledged to your friend,

friend, and I cannot violate it; to-morrow, however, I shall be happy to comply with your request—to-morrow I will go.”—“It is the last I shall, perhaps, ever urge to you, Blanche,” replied our hero, “and it is a trifle”—“Therefore not worth contention,” retorted she; “and, as I have passed my word, we will drop the subject.”—“Believe me, Blanche, I would sacrifice life to render you happy, and have a particular reason for imploring you to leave Margate this night.”—Name it,” said Blanche, looking at him with earnestness. “It is impossible,” answered Lewisham—“Then be satisfied, my friend, this night I remain here, to-morrow I will go at any time you will appoint.”—Lewisham now recollected that the hour in which he was to meet Latimer was not yet fixed, and therefore resolved that Blanche should set out for London before its arrival—he

NOW

now named six in the morning, and promising to see her at that time, took his leave—"God bless you, my sweet Blanche!" cried he, pressing her hand, "perhaps I may not, after to-morrow, see you again—God for ever bless, and keep you! and he ran down stairs, and was out of sight in a moment. The agitation of his mind was, if possible, increased by this interview; for he regretted that he had ever attempted to discover the intentions of Latimer—for he felt that however proper his interference in the cause of Blanche, it had answered no one good purpose, and the event of his meeting with Latimer could not fail to plunge her into fresh difficulties, as any accident which might befall either party would, he was assured, bring to the fair cause of it distress and misery—"O God!" cried he, falling on his knees, "if it be thy will, let the misfortune be mine; and mercifully
turn

turn the heart of my friend—I have no one to lament my fate—only compassion, and benevolence, can shed the tear over my tomb—I am known by few, I belong to none, I am a stranger to every endearing relative in life!” At this moment Mr. Mapleton entered the room, and having read and approved the note Lewisham had written, soon returned with Captain Latimer’s answer, which was, that seven was an hour when he should be engaged, but that he would meet our hero at six.—“An hour can make but very little difference to you, my friend,” said Mr. Mapleton, “so I have agreed to his time; and nothing now remains but fortitude to carry us through the business.”—“I had rather the hour had been seven,” said Lewisham, “but it is of small consequence, and, if I may speak my undisguised sentiments, I had rather it had been any man than Latimer, whom
I was

I was to meet—it will appear so ungrateful to his uncle ; but I request you, my friend, if I fall, to wait on his lordship, and speak of me as your candid judgment shall decide, unbiassed by prejudice or partiality ; ‘ nothing extenuate, or set down aught in malice,’ continued he, smiling. “ And further, Mapleton, will you stand in my place with regard to Miss Darlington—will you wait on her, and if she will permit you, conduct her yourself to the house of Mr. Nutcombe, in —— St—. I will, myself prepare a letter for Miss Walsingham?”

“ Mr. Mapleton having promised, scrupulously, to obey his injunctions, left him for the night, telling him he should be with him again at five the following morning. Captain Latimer was not without compunction at the reflection of his own conduct ; but he endeavoured to banish thought as much as possible, by keeping himself immersed
in

in company, and supported his spirits by his constant resource in all trials of this kind—namely, the bottle. The morning arrived—the opponents met, and having walked to a field about a mile from the town, the ground was measured, and they took their stand; not a word was exchanged between them; Lewisham fired, and missed; Latimer followed his example; the seconds interfered, but Latimer refusing to apologize for his conduct, our hero was again obliged to take his station, and again fired with as little success; Latimer now returned the charge, and wounded his adversary on the right side, a little below the third rib: he sunk immediately to the ground, without uttering a word: the whole party, at first, concluded he was killed; and Latimer at once thrown off his guard, by the situation in which he beheld him, ran up to the body, exclaiming “I have
killed

killed him! he is dead! I shall never be able to survive the recollection of my own wild and ungovernable passion! O God! why permittest thou such a monster as myself to exist? Why, why did I not fall by the hand of my friend? Why is thy arm extended to crush the innocent, and uphold the guilty?" The seconds now insisted on his quitting the field; but nothing could prevail on him to depart until he had heard the opinion of the surgeon, who waited in the adjoining road with a chaise; and this opinion was not so easily procured; for, binding up the wound to staunch the blood, he ordered him to be conveyed to the carriage, which proceeded with a slow motion towards Margate; Mapleton having got into it with the intention of supporting the body. The gentleman who attended Latimer now insisted on his departure; and, after much perturbation, he returned to his lodgings, and

began preparations for an immediate journey to London; his second promising to run to him with the surgeon's opinion, as soon as the wound was examined.

Lewisham fainted several times during the operation of extracting the balls; and another gentleman of the faculty was called in; but both declared it was out of their power to pronounce any thing at present, which could give satisfaction to his friends. Towards evening, a short interval from pain allowed him to enquire for Latimer; and finding by the answers, of Mapleton, that he had not yet left the neighbourhood, he desired that gentleman to request his presence for five minutes only: "I know," said he, "it is a thing quite unusual, but I flatter myself, Latimer will comply with my wishes—at all events I will try him."—Mr. Mapleton had some difficulty in per-

persuading the friend of Captain Latimer to discover where he was ; but on pledging his honour for his safety, he at length conducted Mr. Mapleton to him. Latimer, at first, imagined they were come to acquaint him with the death of Lewisham ; and in an agony of grief, he declared that the moment he was certified of his demise, he would surrender himself into the hands of justice. On being undeceived in this respect, and hearing the request of the invalid, he rose up, saying he was ready to attend them that moment.—“O!” exclaimed he, “I feel, I know that he is dying, and what then am I?” He shuddered convulsively—“A murderer—my friend’s murderer—the man whom I admired, but could not imitate!”—“Latimer,” said our hero, as he entered his apartment, endeavouring to extend his arm towards him, “my friend!” Latimer sunk on his knees by the

the bed-side—"O call me not your friend," cried he, "call me rather your murderer—call me any thing but your friend:—alas, I know, I feel, that I deserve not the appellation; it is impossible you can ever forgive my headstrong folly."—"We were both equally to blame, my friend," replied Lewisham, "so let us exchange mutual forgiveness; let us forget the past, and let this accident be the cement of a fresh bond of amity; yet, if you think you have injured me, there is one ample reparation yet in your power—do you understand me?"—"I think I do," said Latimer—"Miss Darlington."—"Right," said Lewisham, "the carriage is now in waiting, which was this morning to have borne Blanche to London, to Clara—" he paused, unable to proceed, being nearly fainting from pain and exertion; but soon recovering, he continued—"to Clara, to London."

London, to happiness!—To your honour I consign her, make her your wife, or henceforth behold her no more. O God, I faint—adieu!”

The attendants now interposed, and Latimer having offered a solemn promise on the hand (as he then thought) of his dying friend, ran out of the house, and scarcely stopping to compose himself, he rushed into that of Mrs. Collins, and demanded to see Miss Darlington immediately. “Poor thing,” cried Mrs. Collins, “some one has frightened her most horribly to-day; for she heard that your friend was dead, and it was confirmed by his not coming here, when he had promised to do so by six o’clock this morning.”—“Who could have had barbarity enough to tell her of it?” asked Latimer. “Save us! then it is true?” said Mrs. Collins, screaming as loud as she could, “rather ask, who could have had the barbarity to hurt
hurt

hurt so sweet a gentleman?" Blanche, alarmed by the screams of her landlady, now entered the room, and running up to Latimer, she caught him by the arm, and looking earnestly in his face, cried "tell me, for I will know, is your friend dead?"—"I hope not," said Latimer, shuddering; "I hope he is not dead."—"What has happened to him; who fought with him; where is he hurt; is he likely to recover?"—were the next words which issued from her lips.—"I hope heaven will spare him to our prayers, thy Blanche," said Latimer; "or how shall we ever again know happiness?"—"How, indeed," sighed she; "but tell me how it happened? I must and will see him!"—"He has the best possible advice," returned Latimer; "I have only this moment left him, and am now come, at his request to conduct you to London."—"What does all this mean?"—

asked

asked she, looking at him with earnestness, as if to discover his meaning; “and why is he so determined in sending me from him; he is ill—he is dying, and I dare not attend him; how I hate the cruel maxims of the world!”—“Come,” said Latimer, “we have no time to lose,” and he drew her towards the door; “I must, and *will* know,” said she, “what is the reason of this precipitation, and how your friend came to be wounded? O God;” cried she, as if recollecting herself—“my father, tell me—is it possible, was it my father who wounded him?—is my father in Margate?” and she almost gasped for breath.—“It was not your father,” said Latimer, gravely; “but will you go? it is my friend who requests it of you—I dare not.”—“And why *dare* not?” said Blanche; “are *you* not my friend? have you not sworn to protect me? and are you capable of deceit?”—
and

and she looked in his face with a suspicious inquisitiveness. Latimer shrank from her scrutiny abashed, "And *why* dare not?" repeated she; "O Captain Latimer, my heart relies upon your honour; my mind is satisfied with your protection; but since it is your friendship, I will go:—O God extend mercifully thine arm to save the best of men! and let thy bitterest vengeance——"

"Blanche!" exclaimed Latimer, fiercely, "you will drive me mad!—good Heavens! why will you not go?"—

"I am ready," said she, stepping into the carriage; "but why this needless alarm?" and her whole frame quivered from fear of she knew not what; yet strangely terrified at the appearance and manner of Latimer, which was wild in the extreme. As they moved from the door, she again questioned him concerning his friend, but he sank into reserve and silence; nor could she

prevail on him to speak for some time. She attempted not again to disturb him, but retiring within herself, gave way to the melancholy which oppressed her heart, until at length, forgetting his presence, she burst into a violent flood of tears.—“Blanche, Miss Darlington,” said Latimer, “my beloved Blanche, what ails you?”—“Make no professions of friendship which you do not feel, Captain Latimer,” said she angrily, “I am unworthy to be trusted.”—“O Blanche! I would, but indeed I cannot reveal to you the whole:—“What horrid mystery is there yet to unravel? But you must,” continued she, taking his hand, “reveal all to me: I will sympathise with you, for I loved him with the affection of a sister!”—Latimer turned his head from her.—“Tell me,” cried she, “is his wound dangerous?”—“It is,” answered Latimer.—“Heaven save him!” exclaimed she,

she, lifting up her hands ; “ Heaven preserve his precious life ; and shower its bitterest curses on the head of the vile author of all this mischief ! ” — “ O curse me not Blanche ! ” cried Latimer, falling at her feet ; “ curse me not, amiable Miss Darlington, for I am unable to bear my own reproaches—O, kill me not at once ! ” — “ It is impossible,” said Blanche ; “ you are beside yourself—you could not lift your arm against your friend !—you could not be so wicked !—No, I will never believe it.” — “ It is too true,” said Latimer ; “ yes, it is this fatal arm, which has nearly deprived my friend of existence ! ”

Blanche shuddered and covered her face with her hands—“ My senses surely deceive me,” said she, “ it cannot, it cannot be true—what in the world could tempt you to the commission of such an action ? ” Latimer leaned his

head against the seat and sobbed aloud—
“ O Blanche,” cried he, “ it was the effect of a strong and resistless passion, it was the impetuosity of despair; I fancied he wished to separate me from the object of my love !” Blanche coloured, and held down her head ; when, perceiving her much affected, and that in part she comprehended him, he took her passive hand between both his—“ it was the pride of my vain heart,” continued he, “ which refused to satisfy even the doubts of my best friend !”
“ I demand to know,” said Blanche, angrily, “ what those doubts were ?”
“ Blanche, you will never pardon me, I cannot, I dare not tell you—yet”—and he paused some moments—“ I deserve your anger, I will submit to receive it—it was you, my sweet Blanche, which caused this disagreement.”—
“ Me, impossible !” said she, “ I *could* have nothing to do with it ; but if you please,

please, we will drop the subject.”—
“ Ah, Blanche ! my beloved Miss Darlington, do you not think, that a doubt expressed by my friend of the honour of my designs towards you, was capable of rousing my spirit to a revenge the most implacable ?” Blanche averted her blushing face ; but Latimer, determined to come to an explanation, now he had gone thus far, followed her with his ardent gaze ; and, while he professed his love for her, he intermingled his professions with the offer of his hand and fortune, and deeply lamented his own folly and rashness.—
“ Alas !” cried he, “ it was the vain pride of my nature, which would not bear the idea of being dictated to in the slightest instance ; and I confess I was also nettled at the information I had just collected from your conversation, of his having put you on your guard towards me ; in the excess of my

rage, I knew not what I did.”—“ Good God !” said Blanche, lifting up her fine eyes to heaven, and clasping her hands together—“ for me, for my sake is this best of men, suffering misery and pain—perhaps death ! O God it is too much !” “ O Miss Darlington,” cried Latimer, folding his arms around her, tell me you do not hate me ; tell me that I have not intirely lost your esteem ?”—“ I do not hate you,” answered she, shrinking from his encircling arm, “ I pity and forgive you ; but now hear me, Mr. Latimer, and hear my decided determination ;—you know, you must have long known my sentiments with regard to you ; it is in vain, therefore, to conceal my love from you—it is sincere—it *would* have been unceasing”—Latimer’s eyes sparkled with rapture, while the whole frame of the fair speaker was agitated with contending emotions—“ Yet I will never become your wife while the best
of

of men lingers in pain and misery ; I will never, after to-morrow, behold you again if—" and her voice faltered—" but I am unable to proceed—O God avert from us such a stroke !"—" O Blanche !" cried Latimer, " I will not believe but that my friend will recover ; yes, you must, you *shall* be mine, and the day of his restoration to health, shall be that of our indissoluble union !" — " But *death*," exclaimed Blanche, " alas ! the sad presages of my soul ! no, Latimer, the Hymeneal torch shall be never lighted for me, with the man who could occasion the death of his friend." The vows, protestations, and agony of Latimer, could procure no other sentence, and he sunk into a reverie of despair, anguish, and remorse ; which Blanche attempted not to interrupt ; but, leaning her head against the side of the chaise, she wept without intermission during the remainder of the journey ;—and

when arrived in London, she retired immediately to an apartment without taking any refreshment, and flinging herself on a bed, she gave way to the sorrow which oppressed her heart.

The mind of Latimer was too much harrassed to permit him to sleep—throwing himself on a chair, he sat immersed in agonizing retrospection, until morning appeared through the window-shutters, informing him it was time he should try to take some repose; when, hastily quitting the room, he retired to bed—but not to sleep, as will be seen in the next chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

“ Many and sharp the numerous ills,
“ Inwoven in our frame,
“ More pointed those we make ourselves—
“ Regret, remorse, and shame !”——

IT was impossible that sleep could visit the pillow of Latimer, who, conscience-struck, shrunk from the recollection of the past ; the moment he closed his eyes, his disturbed imagination presented to his view the image of Lewisham, no longer in the bloom of manhood, active, strong, and muscular ; but a livid skeleton, wasted by disease, covered with wounds, “ meagre, pale, and bloodless ;” while the voice of an angel appeared to sound as from on
c 5 high,,

high, exclaiming—"this is thy work, come and view the wreck, which a momentary ebullition of passion has caused, and tremble at the retribution of heaven!" — He started from the bed, a cold dew hung on his forehead, his frame quivered with convulsive agony, he hastily threw on his cloaths, and sat down at the window. — The sun had just risen to glad mankind, but its genial warmth enlivened not the soul of Latimer; for he reflected with horror, that in all human probability, the eye of his friend would never again hail the approach of day; and that while he enjoyed the blessings of life, health, and youth, he had been the means of depriving a fellow-creature of existence, and by one blow turning him from them all. — "Alas!" cried he, "I shall never again behold thee, never more can this heart know peace! — how dreadful is the pang of conscience! how
barbed

barbed the arrow of remorse ! O, my friend, would to God, my death could atone, but alas ! it is impossible ; the cold grave which shelters thee from the storms of life, will yawn with a multitude of tortures for the wretch who has precipitated thee into it. O, for a Lethæan draught, to lose at one moment the remembrance alike of pain and pleasure !”

Blanche was scarcely less disturbed ; reflections the most distracting, precluded the possibility of repose ; she lamented with true sisterly affection the fate of Lewisham, and shrunk with horror from the idea of uniting herself for life, to a man whose conscience was weighed down by the guilt of murder. Then, again, her heart felt for the situation of Latimer ; and her love for him, which had been momentarily suppressed by the terror his intelligence had inspired, revived with increased

energy, and pity combining with it, rendered her resolution to behold him no more agonizing in the extreme ; and she almost determined to sacrifice every consideration to the hope of calming the agitation of his mind, and striving to promote his happiness.—In this painful state of wavering incertitude, she sank into a hurried and disturbed slumber ; while Latimer, as the morning advanced, began to reflect in what manner he should open his embassy to Clara ; and after much consideration, she resolved to call on his uncle, and after a candid confession of the whole affair, intreat lady Newark to take on herself the office of introducing the ladies to each other.

The breakfast was placed, and the family were seated round it, as he entered the room. Lord Newark rose, and attempted to name to him a lady who sat at the table reading a newspaper ;

paper; Mr. Mathuen also rose, and advanced towards his cousin—"How is this, George!" said he, "why you look as if you had travelled all night! what frolic is in the wind now?"—"Good God, George!" said Lord Newark, "what is the matter with you? your face is as pale as death!"—"Even *such* a messenger," cried the stranger, who was no other than Miss Nugent, "so dull, so spiritless, so woe-begone, drew Priam's curtains, in the dead of night, and would have told him half his Troy was burned; but Priam found the news ere he his tongue!"—"My Lord," said Latimer, "I will be obliged to you, if you will favour me with a few moments conversation in your library."—Lord Newark looked astonished, but desired him to be seated, and take some breakfast.—"Come, Latimer," said he, "drink a cup of tea with us, and afterwards I shall be happy to attend you."

Latimer.

Latimer attempted to do as he was desired, but vain was the effort to swallow—and he replaced the cup on the table.—“Good heavens!” cried Lady Newark, “what is the matter, tell me, I beseech you, what is it that ails you?” Latimer shook his head; when an involuntary exclamation from Miss Nugent, attracted the attention of the whole party; she pointed to a paragraph in the paper before her, which Lord Newark taking up, read as follows:—

“Yesterday, a duel was fought between Lieutenant Netterville, of the second division of the ninth regiment of foot, and Captain Latimer, formerly an officer of the body-guards, now a volunteer in the same corps—the former gentleman is wounded, and the faculty give little hope of his recovery.”—

Lord Newark turned his face towards his Nephew, who in an agony of sorrow walked towards the window, while
Lady

Lady Newark could with difficulty keep herself from fainting — Miss Nugent wept aloud, and young Mathuen was visibly affected—"What am I to think of this, George?" said Lord Newark, addressing himself to Latimer—"Alas! it is too true," said he, shuddering, "yesterday was fatal, I fear, to the life of Netterville—fatal to my repose for ever!"—"In what originated the quarrel," said his lordship—"A woman, some girl, I suppose," said Miss Nugent, contemptuously——

"Who was't betray'd the capitol?—a woman.

"Who was the cause of a long-ten years siege,

"And laid at last old Troy in ruins?—a woman.

"Who lost Marc Antony the world?—a woman."

"O, Mr. Latimer, it was worthy of you in such a cause, to wound the heart of the best, the noblest of human beings—O, my poor boy! he was all that remained to me of the long cherished affection

affection of my youth—all, except my Adeliza, which attached me to life—and he is gone!" Latimer leaned his head against the wainscot and wept aloud.—"He is not dead," cried he, attempting to articulate—"he is not dead, I hope."—"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed Lady Newark, "Where will this end, let us fly to him, let us not lose an instant—every moment is precious—while we hesitate he dies!"—"O God!" cried Miss Nugent, "which way can I turn—what is to be done?—let us send him the best advice."—"My dear madam," said Mathuen, taking the hand of his mother, "things are perhaps not so bad, as your fears suggest—Miss Nugent, I intreat—I implore you, to be a little composed;" and having poured out two glasses of wine, he presented them to the ladies, and after much difficulty he prevailed on them to drink it—Lord Newark had, during this interval,

terval, quitted the room with his nephew—"Heaven and earth!" cried Lady Newark, "who shall breathe this intelligence to Clara?"—"It is a sad, a dreadful task," answered Mathuen—"Miss Nugent, will you permit me to be your escort to Margate?"—"O, how thankful I shall be," replied that lady, "for the pleasure of your company!"—"We will all go," said Lady Newark, "we will all go together."—"For once," said her son, "my father being absent, I will undertake to conduct this affair, and so you must both listen to me; we will first, if you please, Miss Nugent, procure a skilful surgeon to attend us, and then, as in all probability, Latimer will hear from Margate this morning, we will wait until we know if our journey can benefit poor Netterville, for it would be useless to go if—"—"O, for God's sake, stop!" cried his mother, "the bare possibility of such an event, curdles

curdles my blood with horror!"—"Every thing," continued Mathuen, "shall be in readiness for your journey; and my mother may, if she wishes it, follow in my father's carriage by easy stages; I have no doubt of Miss Walsingham's accompanying her—as for you and I, we will travel post."—"Will you call on Miss Walsingham, Donald?" said Lady Newark, addressing her son.—"Most assuredly I will, my dear madam," replied he, "when I have settled the plan of our journey—adieu. I will hasten to my father's library; or, perhaps, I shall be too late to see Latimer."

Captain Latimer had been gone some time before Mathuen came down stairs; so he had now no resource, except dispatching a messenger to Margate; and having promised his courier a reward equal to his speed, and finished every arrangement for Miss Nugent's journey,

ney, he proceeded to Miss Walsingham's. The moment he enquired for Clara, the servant informed him that she was gone to bed, having been suddenly seized with a fainting fit.—“To be sure, said Zaphania, the person who opened the door, “thou mayest think that we were not a little alarmed; but she is now better.”—“Is she subject to complaints of the kind?” asked Mathuen; in part guessing at the cause of her malady.” “O, no; not at all, I think,” replied the old Quaker; “but I thank the Lord, she is now better.”—Mathuen was retiring, to communicate this intelligence to his mother, when, at the street-door, he was astonished by the appearance of Latimer. “Good Heavens!” said he, “is it possible?—how, in the name of fortune, can you be so careless of your own safety? My father told me you had left town; what are you doing here?”—“I shall leave town

town immediately," said Latimer, "but I have business of the utmost importance with Miss Walsingham, and I must see her without delay."—"It is impossible," said Mathuen, "Clara is ill, confined to her bed."—"How unlucky!" said Latimer, pausing, and putting his hand to his forehead; "Good God! how extremely unfortunate!"—Then suddenly turning to his cousin he said, "Mathuen, are you willing to prove your friendship to me?" "To the utmost of my abilities:—come, we can talk as we pursue our way," and he slid his arm through that of Latimer's, who immediately began to relate every circumstance of his first meeting with Blanche; his affection for her; the origin of the quarrel between himself and his friend; his own rashness, and his friend's subsequent request; finally concluding with the information of Miss Darlington's being
then

then in London, and a desire that, as it was out of his power, from the illness of Clara, to fulfil his mission, that Mathuen would take upon himself the care of Blanche, and gain for her the friendship and countenance of Lady Newark. Mr. Mathuen having promised to accede to his wishes, departed to apprise his mother of the new companion he was about to introduce to her; while Latimer reluctantly bent his way to the hotel in which he had left Blanche, with the intention of bidding her adieu.

After a night spent in harassed and discomposed sleep, Blanche arose, and waited with impatience the time in which she expected Latimer to seek her. Hour after hour passed, and still as they succeeded one another, her terror and anxiety increased; yet this anxiety was not selfish; she had no fears for her own unprotected state; she

she was intirely without dread on her own account ; but her whole soul was agonized at the unexpected and protracted absence of Latimer, who, she found on enquiry, had gone out early in the morning. In this state of suspense she strove in vain to arm her mind with fortitude, to bear their intended separation. Every noise she heard alarmed her, while the sound of every footstep on the staircase attracted her towards the door ; her heart palpitated, but palpitated in vain ; no Latimer was to be seen ; and overcome by terror, she threw herself into a chair, and burst into tears—" Almighty Providence !" cried she, " perhaps he has been seized and conveyed to prison ; perhaps his life is forfeited to the just laws of his country ; and I, the fatal cause of all this horror, still exist, I am at liberty ; for me, for my sake, the generous Netterville lies extended on

the bed of death; while Latimer, whom I would die to preserve, languishes in prison, without one friend to comfort or support him! O God, it is too much! Perhaps," continued she, "his mind, unable to bear the stings of conscience, has precipitated him into some deed of desperation; and I have cruelly added another arrow to the shaft of misfortune; I have pained that heart which was before oppressed with self-condemnation, and have inflicted fresh wounds on a breast already lacerated by misery.—O, why, All-merciful Heaven, didst thou spare my life to hurl destruction on those, who, under thee, were the means of its preservation? Wide and extended is the misery one precipitate action has caused—O, All-wise, and All-merciful Creator!" cried she, bending herself in supplication, "thou who alone disposest the changes and chances of this mortal life—thou, who in thy
just

just judgment thinkest upon mercy,— spare, oh, spare the life of the best of men ; weigh not, I beseech thee, the measure of our deserts, but in the plentitude of thy goodness restore him to our prayers !”—A footstep behind her now awakened her attention ; when hastily rising, she exclaimed, “ Captain Latimer, how glad am I to see you !—you cannot think how your long absence has terrified me !”—“ O !” cried he, gazing at her with veneration, “ would to God, that I might never leave you, my sweet Blanche !”—

“ Should thy lov’d sight ere bless my eyes again,

“ Then I will own, I ought not to complain ;

“ Since that sweet hour is worth an age of pain.”

“ But I feel, I know, I am unworthy of you,” continued he ; “ I am unworthy of so much beauty, goodness, and virtue ; and I am now come to bid you adieu. I have engaged for you the protection of my aunt ; Miss Walsingham
ham

ham is confined to her bed ; my cousin, Mathuen, will call for you in a short time ; and now let me once more bless, and bid you farewell."—Blanche could not speak—she could scarcely stand ;—he pressed her hand to his lips—" Adieu, lovely and beloved Blanche," cried he, " may Heaven bless and keep you ; and if the prayers of such a wretch as I can aught avail, may it shower its choicest bounty on your head !" He now folded her in his arms, while she sobbed aloud, and hid her blushing face on his bosom ; he pressed his lips to her cheek, which was suffused with tears. She made no effort to disengage herself from his embrace, but appeared for some moments lost to the recollection of every thing ; when, suddenly recovering herself, she motioned him to leave her, at the same time uttering a fervent " God bless you, and preserve

you!" when, hastily catching her to his bosom, he rushed out of her presence, and soon after quitted the house. The moment Latimer left her, the fortitude Blanche had been so long in acquiring gave way, and she sat down and wept bitterly; the remembrance of her mother was again awakened in her bosom, and she lamented her untimely fate, while the recollection of the kindness and attention she, at that period, received from Latimer and his friend, increased the anguish of the present hour, and she felt assured that the death of Lewisham would render her miserable for life. After some time, she reflected how strange her swollen countenance would appear to Mathuen, and hastily drying her tears, she endeavoured to compose herself against his arrival. Lady Newark received her with friendship and kindness, which gave an immediate assurance to her manner.—

“ How

"How fortunate am I," exclaimed her ladyship, taking her hand, "thus to profit by the indisposition of Miss Walsingham!"—"Give me leave, dear madam," cried Blanche, "to hope that you will never have cause to lament this day." Lady Newark shook her head, "Ah, you are a sad croaker—but no more of this, come cheer up your spirits, for we must go and see what is the matter with poor Clara, and I admit no grave faces into the apartments of the sick." The conversation now took a general turn, and soon after Lady Newark retired for a few moments, to take leave of Miss Nugent, who she promised to follow in a few days, if Clara was better—and then rejoining her young acquaintance, they proceeded towards Miss Walsingham's. Clara had just risen, and Lady Newark had no difficulty in discovering that her malady was rather mental than bodily; and

having

D 2


having affectionately saluted her, she told her, that as soon as they had taken their morning airing, they would return and spend the day with her; but now I think of it," continued her ladyship, "you may as well put on your hat and go with us. I have brought you a young friend, my Clara, and I expect you to be very fond of her—indeed, I intend leaving her intirely with you in a few days, as I shall, probably, go to Margate."—"To Margate!" repeated Clara, her whole frame trembling with alarm and agitation, "and does your ladyship really intend going to Margate?"—"Why not, it will be pleasant at this season—I have resolved to leave my new protégée with you, or I would ask you to accompany me—but," continued Lady Newark, tenderly, taking her hand, "fear not, all will end to our satisfaction." Clara was no longer able to conceal her emotion; softened by
the

the kindness of her friend, she burst into tears.—“ Come, Miss Walsingham,” said Lady Newark, wiping her eyes, “ compose yourself, it is useless to give way to regret—affections were implanted in our natures for wise purposes, to render us good, virtuous, and happy ; yet, carried beyond a certain degree, sensibility becomes criminal ; and the duty we owe to our companions, associates, and friends, commands us to repress, as much as possible, every feeling which embitters their brighter prospects. I know this lesson is difficult, yet believe me it is one in which I have been long conversant ; affliction first taught me fortitude ; religion instructed me to be resigned ; and resignation has given me an habitual cheerfulness of mind, which is one of the greatest blessings of a good Providence. The world, in general, look up to me with envy ; I am rich, and therefore they,

D 3 consequently

consequently, imagine me happy; I have an excellent husband who was the choice of my youth, who is the pride of my matured judgment; I have the affection, the duty, the attention of Donald; I am thankful for these blessings, and strive, as much as possible, to forget the once-cherished hope which the wise Disposer of events has disappointed; yet, at times, the thorn of regret will still rankle in my bosom; I fly from recollections which agonize the soul to dissipation; in short, any thing to lose my own sad thoughts—cheerful company, and variety, are infallible cures for affliction. Come, hasten, and get ready, while I go to pay my compliments to your good Aunt Gertrude.” So saying, her ladyship quitted the room, and being soon after joined by Clara, she took her home to Cavendish Square, and it was late in the evening before they separated. The following day

Clara



Clara received the note, which is here transcribed :

“ Lady Newark is happy to inform Miss Walsingham, that by accounts just received from Margate, she understands a certain person is not *worse*; from which circumstance the faculty presage a favourable event. Lady Newark purposes being with her sister-in-law the day after to-morrow, and will be happy to see Miss Walsingham before her departure, that she may resign to her care the fair Darlington, whose impatience to see Miss Walsingham equals that of Lady Newark.”

Clara pressed this note again and again to her lips, and her heart; and having offered up a fervent prayer to the Omnipotent for the restoration of the invalid, and taken leave of her grandfather, she ordered the carriage, and while it was preparing, arrayed herself for her intended visit to Caven-

NETTERVILLE.

the Square. Lady Newark received
with her accustomed friendship,
and endeavoured, by every art in her power,
to banish from her thoughts every af-
fecting image; and to aid this purpose,
she produced several manuscripts on
celebrated Scotch legends, one of which,
a ballad, I shall here present to my
readers, as it has not yet been presented
to the public.

ELLEN OF IRVINE;

OR,

THE MAID OF KIRKONNEL!

A BALLAD.

DESPAIR lift thy voice in the hall of Kirkonnel,
 Weep for Ellen of Irvine, now sunk in the tomb;
 Despair strike the chord on the harp of Kirkonnel,
 Come and weep for his lily---lament her sad
 doom.

Loud despair lift thy voice until echoes rebound,
 'Till the banks of the Kertle reply to the strain,
 'Till the plains of Carruther remurmur the sound,
 'Till the clan of Kirkonnel shall cease to com-
 plain.

Bad sounding a note from the hall of Kirkconnel,
 Hear, ye vales of Carruther, Glendonwin, and
 all;
 Mourn, Ellen of Irvine, the maid of Kirkconnel,
 Mourn, together of Ellen and Flemming the fall!

Proud Kirkconnel! no more lift thy head to the
 skies!
 For thy flow'ret is fall'n: inflicted by rage—
 Deep the wound in her bosom!—Lo, yonder she
 lies!—
 Nought, O, clan of Kirkconnel! thy grief can
 assuage.

O, sweeter than lily, or shrub of the mountain,
 Lovely Ellen of Irvine, now sunk in the grave!
 As pure was her heart as yon stream at its foun-
 tain—
 She rushed on a dagger, her lover to save.

Youthful suitors, attracted by beauty and love,
 At the feet of fair Ellen of Irvine did sigh,
 Fondly hoping the maiden with passion to move—
 For their hearts leapt with transport when Ellen
 was by.

O, straight

O, straight was the form of this fair one so blooming,
ing,

Liquid lustre did sparkle and dance in her eye,
Her breath, like the lily, all nature perfuming :
But transient and fading—she bloom'd but to
die !

To the pipe of the minstrel (now broken, decay'd),
When with Ellen of Irvine he danc'd in the
eve,
How delighted was Flemming—how pleas'd was
the maid,
And how sweet was the rapture each breast did
receive.

Unstrung is the harp, once the pride of Kirkconnel,
And forsaken the banks of the Kertle so brave :
O, lost, lost for ever, the maid of Kirkconnel,
Who wandered each day within sight of its
wave !

On thy banks, O, lov'd Kertle, enchanted she
stray'd,
While her Flemming declar'd the fond transports
of love ;
With a smile of affection she grateful repaid,
With a glance quick of rapture his suit did ap-
prove,

Then thy banks, strew'd with flow'rets and shrubs
ever gay,

Smil'd to see this sweet pair as they sat on the
sward,

View'd with rapture their transports, their frolic-
some play,

Sportive love, crown'd by Hymen, stood near to
reward.

To the breast of her Flemming fond Ellen was
press'd,

While his bosom conceal'd the confusion of love,
At their feet flow'd the Kertle, in charms ever
dress'd,

While the voice of the linnet sung sweet from
the grove.

When quick rush'd from a thicket, all foaming
with wrath,

Like a lion attack'd, or a boar held at bay,

Base, remorseless, a lover discarded, burst forth,

With a dirk in his hand—mad, poor Flemming
to slay.

Round the neck of her Fleming fond Ellen she clung,

From the rage of his rival determin'd to save;

Now, O, clan of Kirkconnel, thy sorrow begun—

Now fair Ellen of Irvine was hurl'd to the grave!

Low

Low sunk in the dust was the pride of Kirkconnel ;
The fond lover lamented his Ellen so dear ;
While Kertle, enrag'd at the wound of Kirkconnel,
Mourn'd in murmurs this maiden, the flow'r of
the fair.

Deep the dirk of the monster her bosom did wound,
Deep the groan of keen sorrow which burst
from her heart,
Now, quick fainting with pain, she sunk down on
the ground—
Life went out like a taper, as loath to depart.

One fond look of affection and anguish she cast
On poor Flemming, her lover—whose transports
were o'er,
And one groan of deep sorrow, in silence, the last,
This sweet lily then droop'd, to revive never
more !

On the blast and the whirlwind pale witches ap-
pear ;
Hollow screams, quick repeated by echo, are
heard ;
And, pausing, the lover in silence and fear
Sees the dance of the fairy, as printing the
sword.

Blue flames up the mountains and battlements
rear'd,

Misty vapours upspring from the Kettle below,
While the voice and the harp, in sweet minstrelsy
heard,

Tun'd the dirge of poor Ellen most solemnly slow.

Drizz'ly mists from the water uprise on the wing,
Louder roars angry Kettle, as thirsting for blood,
Ratt'ling snakes and fell adders revengfully spring,
Rushing forth from the shelter of thicket and
wood.

Lo! yonder's the scene, that the hall of Kirkconnel,
Sadly silent, forsaken, the mansion of care—
Lo! yonder's a harp, once the harp of Kirkconnel,
Both his harp and his mansion possess'd by de-
spair!

Wing'd with fury, young Flemming his dirk now
uprose,
And the life of his rival the onset did rue,
'Till outstretch'd on the sward his existence did
close—
In vengeance for Ellen, both constant and true.

Flow

Flow on thou lov'd Kertle, in murmurs complain
 For thy Ellen of Irvine; Kirkconnel, no more
 Sadly sigh with her Flemming—who sorrow'd in
 vain,
 And oft kiss'd her white bosom, though clotted
 with gore.

Wildly clasping her clay-cold inanimate form
 To his heart—late the seat both of rapture and
 joy:
 Quick he fled from the spot, and embark'd in a
 storm,
 As if wishing the waters his frame to destroy!

With the Spaniards he fought against infidel bold
 In the wars of the cross—and oft conquest pro-
 cur'd;
 While each heart rose with ardour, his might to
 behold,
 And pity'd the sorrows his bosom endur'd.

Crown'd with laurels of conquest, he home did re-
 turn,
 Crown'd with bays—O, sad Kertle! thy waters
 to view,
 At the grave of his Ellen of Irvine to mourn,
 And to take of thy banks an eternal adieu!

It was night ere he reach'd the sad spot where she
lay—

When memory (with torture his mind to appeal)
Retrac'd with deep anguish the morn of that day
When the Maid of Kirkconnel, sweet Irvine, did
fall !

Low sounded the bell in the hall of Kirkconnel—
Near a willow the grave of poor Ellen was
made ;
Slow flitted the owl o'er the roofs of Kirkconnel :
And eve was in silence and darkness array'd.

Then a kerchief—all steep'd in the gore of that
breast,
Which once beat with affection both faithful
and true,
And which often the ringlets of Ellen had dress'd—
Sad in sorrow he brought from his bosom to
view.

To his lips in despair the lov'd relique he press'd,
And mourn'd his beloved, long sunk in the
tomb ;
Then her grave with his laurels of conquest he
dress'd,
And, outstretch'd on its surface, awaited his
doom.

All

All that night the keen wind on his bosom did
blow,

Each hour as it pass'd brought fresh whirlwind
and storm,

While the fast falling rain, intermingled with
snow,

Strove the charms of the Kertle in vain to de-
form.

Yet unheeded the tempest, unheeded the snow,

While his heart was beset with a whirlwind of
care,

Soon outstretch'd on the grave of his Ellen in
woe,

Sad he sunk, in the silence of death, from de-
spair.

Thou fiend! lift thy voice in the hall of Kirkonnel,

Mourn for Ellen of Irvine, now sunk in the
tomb!

Despair strike the chord on the harp of Kirkon-
nel,

Come and weep for his lily, lament her sad doom!



At night Clara returned home, and, with the permission of Lady Newark, brought the fair Blanche with her—who from that time became an inmate in the house of Mr. Nutcombe.

CHAP. III.

“ Friendship, of itself a holy tie,
“ Is made more sacred by adversity.”

IMMEDIATELY on her arrival at Margate, Miss Nugent stationed herself at the bedside of Lewisham, which no consideration of personal inconvenience could tempt her to quit, until he was pronounced out of danger; and here it was that the character of this lady shone in its original and native splendor; while forgetting, and even despising the contractions which a malevolent world might pass on her conduct, she performed for him, in person, all those kind offices of attention and friendship which the singularity of his situation had deprived him of a right to claim from any natural or relative connection, and

and for want of which a valuable member of the community might have been lost for ever. The generous feelings of her heart were an ample reward for these exertions of benevolence and charity; yet, independent of these sensations, she felt as if performing a last office of friendship to the choice of her youth—for was he not the *protégée* of Netterville? and was she not assured, that the kindred mind of Adeliza would gratefully approve her conduct?—Was it not also an act of charity and compassion due from her to her fellow-creature?—Yes, it was an act of charity towards man, and she humbly hoped it was an oblation which would be had in remembrance in the sight of God—perfectly satisfied with her own upright intentions, and the basis on which she had founded them, the opinion of little minds gave her no concern, yet she would have been gratified by the support

port and countenance of Lady Newark ; but since this was not immediately to be obtained (for reasons which shall be hereafter related), she contented herself with the hope that a short time would enable her to rejoin that lady in London : her character had, she flattered herself, been long established in the opinion of the discerning few, and though some eccentricities in her conduct were well known, yet her fortune, age, family, and talents, formed a sort of phalanx, which was almost impervious to the attack of slander ; yet, notwithstanding all these sources of security, she felt sensibly the singularity of her situation ; but having once determined to adopt our hero, she was fixed in performing towards him the duty and attention of a parent. A court-martial had been held on the conduct of the two gentlemen, which terminated in permitting Captain Latimer to leave the
3 corps,

corps, and an honourable acquittal to Lewisham, who, at the request of his kind protectress, dropped all thoughts of rejoining his regiment, and accordingly resigned his commission. Lord Newark, who had been suddenly taken ill on the day preceding that on which his lady was to have left London, still continued indisposed, while Clara and her companion endeavoured, by their attentions, to alleviate, as much as possible, the anxiety of his lady. The letters of Latimer were frequent, and filled with contrition, for his late rashness, resolutions of future amendment, and high in hope of the speedy recovery of his friend, whom he expected to see in town in about a fortnight.

Miss Nutcombe, whose spleen against her fair cousin would still, in spite of the frequent rebuffs she had received, occasionally boil over, and who rejoiced
in

in any opportunity of mortifying her, accidentally discovered, or imagined she had discovered, the cause of her late indisposition; namely, her long suspected attachment to Captain Latimer; and she now, in the presence of Blanche, and the nurse, who attended her brother, began the attack in the following manner—"And so, Miss Walsingham, I find the duel between Captain Latimer, and his friend, took place in consequence of a dispute about some demirep—a girl of the town!"—

"Probably it might," said Clara, unwilling to aggravate her by opposition; "yet I am surprised how any one should discover it, as it is unlikely that they should themselves mention the origin of it." Blanche rose from her seat, and went to the window, pretending to be deeply engaged in repairing a fault she had committed in her netting.—"Yes," continued Miss Nutcombe, without

without noticing her disorder, "I am told it was in consequence of Mr. Netterville's wishing to take off the girl whom the Captain had long maintained."—"Good Heavens!" sighed Blanche mentally, while tears of mortification and anguish rolled down her cheek, "how cruel and malicious is the world;" and she endeavoured, by averting her face, still to conceal her distress.—"The girl, it appears," said Miss Nutcombe, "had long been common to the whole regiment; but in this instance, giving a marked preference to Mr. Netterville, Latimer struck him, and the consequence of this blow was the unfortunate duel in which Netterville had nearly lost his life—God defend us from the depravity of the age!" exclaimed she, piously raising her eyes to Heaven.—Clara shuddered, but answered, "I think I may almost venture to affirm, that there is not even a shadow

dow of probability in this whole story, for it was only yesterday that Lady Newark assured me, that this affair had raised the character of Netterville in her estimation still higher than before.”—

“ Good Heavens !” cried Miss Nutcombe, “ what will become of us, when a lady of her rank, will condescend to uphold vice ? No wonder our young men are so depraved !”

Blanche now turned towards them, unable any longer to be a silent listener, while Netterville was thus condemned without mercy, tears were in her eyes.—“ I, madam,” exclaimed she, addressing Miss Nutcombe, “ will venture to affirm, that the unfortunate young woman who caused this dispute is as virtuous as yourself—as free from even the shadow of a taint ; and believe me, also, when I assure you, that this affair, if explained, would not, could not, fail to raise the character of Mr. Netterville

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terville in the estimation of every virtuous—every generous mind; I am acquainted with every particular, which I dare not divulge, having bound myself to a conditional secrecy; but to Miss Walsingham I think myself at liberty to reveal every thing.”—“ Well, well,” said the old lady “ after all this fuss, I dare swear he is no Joseph; and as for Latimer, why, at the very time he came a courting to my niece, he kept a girl under her very nose.” Clara looked disgustedly towards her aunt, and then turned an inquisitive eye on her friend, while Miss Nutcombe continued to observe that “ he was no Joseph,” while the nurse sagaciously replied, “ that *Josephs* had been long out of fashion.” “ Yes, yes,” retorted Miss Nutcombe, “ they’re out of fashion with a vengeance, and I dare swear there is scarcely a girl in England but would prefer one of these fellows to a man of sobriety

sobriety and virtue.”—“ You will find great difficulty in persuading me of that, madam,” said Clara, “ for I should suppose, that every woman of principle would think morality an indispensable requisite ; and, in a union like marriage, endeavour to meet with a virtuous companion.”—“ Miss, I beg your pardon,” said Miss Nutcombe, interrupting her, “ does not Mr. Pope say, “ that every woman is at heart a rake,” and then you know, “ a reformed rake makes the best husband.” “ I hope, madam, at least, that you have no reason to subscribe to the observation of Mr. Pope, and that for the honour of your sex you will not assent to it ; for my own part I am convinced that it is a gross and malicious slander ; and as to a reformed rake’s making a good husband, I should be unwilling to try him : if ever I marry, I hope Heaven will bless me with the affection of a man of

integrity and honour—a man unhackneyed in the ways of vice, unused to the society of the degraded, and impure part of my own sex.”—“ And you really think,” said Miss Nutcombe, “ that I shall believe you when you say you dislike a rake—what a perversion of taste, sentiment, and delicacy !”—Clara looked astonished.—“ Yes,” continued Miss Nutcombe, “ it must be a very great perversion of taste ; for if a lady once receives the addresses of a novice in love, she takes upon herself the whole trouble of the courtship, and must consequently submit to the indelicacy of making the first advances.” It was in vain our heroine saw to argue with a mind bent on contradiction, and with opinions at once gross and indelicate ; so having made a signal to Blanche to follow her, she quitted the room, leaving Miss Nutcombe to finish the conversation at her leisure, with the nurse.

nurse.—“ O my dear Miss Walsingham,” exclaimed Blanche, as soon as they were alone, “ I cannot bear that even a shadow of suspicion should remain on your mind with regard to Mr. Netterville—behold before you the innocent cause of all this mischief—yes, it was for my sake the best of men had nearly been deprived of existence—it was for me he hazarded a life a thousand, and a thousand times more precious than my own.—O God, had he been killed, it is impossible I could have survived him !” Overcome by a multitude of terrifying sensations, Clara now sunk into a chair, almost ‘too much agitated to support herself; the tumultuous emotions which oppressed her heart precluded the possibility of speech; but that Netterville had forgotten her, and transferred his affections to the fortunate Blanche, appeared but too probable.—“ Yes,” sighed she, mentally, “ every thing

thing convinces me of it—he would not, he could not have hazarded his life for an indifferent person—he would not have been so anxious for her safety—O God it is too much!” Blanche intirely occupied by the recollection of past scenes, noticed not this change in her friend; yet it was not until she had given her a clear and circumstantial account of every thing, that Clara could get the better of the agony which the idea of Lewisham’s change of sentiments had caused in her mind. A mutual confidence now took place between these two young people; and the heart of Clara, intirely free from anxiety on her own account, rejoiced in the bright prospect which opened to her friend, over whose unfortunate history she shed many tears of compassion, and sympathy—and, at its conclusion, pressed the fair narrator to her bosom with emotions of the most lively and animated friendship.

friendship. The following day Mr. Nutcombe being tolerable well, they determined to spend in Cavendish Square; and setting out early in the morning, took their places at the breakfast-table. Lord Newark was more cheerful than he had been for many days, and happiness appeared again to hover over this amiable family—for Mr. Mathuen had returned from Margate on the first intimation of his father's indisposition. About an hour before the time of dinner, the following letter was delivered to Lady Newark, which she read aloud:—

TO LADY NEWARK.

“ *My dear Lady Newark,*

“ I FLATTER myself that the necessity of my present situation will to you sufficiently plead my excuse for thus trespassing on your time and attention,

and for the farther trouble I am about to give you—but the truth is, that Mr. Nugent is very ill, and I am advised to hasten with him to London, in hopes of receiving that benefit from medical advice, our situation here precludes us from the possibility of obtaining—break this information to Miss Nugent with caution; for my own part I make no professions of inconsolable affliction, well knowing, that if I sought to disguise my real sentiments from your Ladyship, I should only deserve your censure, and I am well assured that you will form a candid and generous estimation of my wishes and hopes.—Yet I will venture to affirm, that notwithstanding my original dislike to an union in which I was in a manner compelled, notwithstanding the subsequent ill treatment of Mr. Nugent, no heart of sensibility can witness his present sufferings without compassionating them.

—He

—He has been ill some time, and soon after the departure of Arabella, a kind of melancholy languor oppressed his spirits, which has been increasing ever since—his complaint is supposed to be an abscess in the liver, and I am taught to believe it can scarcely be expected to terminate favorably—Heaven send we may be mistaken!—I shall take the liberty of remaining with your ladyship until I can accommodate myself with a house, and shall be with you almost as soon as this letter.—I remain, with the highest respect and regard, your obliged and faithful

“ADELIZA NUGENT.”

“I am sorry,” said Lady Newark, laying the letter on the table, “that Arabella is not in town.”—“It is to be lamented, but it cannot now be remedied,” said her lord.—“poor fellow!—I am both surprised, and shocked—

such a man thus to be hurried into eternity!"—"I am assured in my own mind," said Lady Newark, "that there is no hope for him; yet though I pity his state of health, it will be almost as much as I can do to receive him with complacency, for I have somehow taken an insuperable aversion to him—but I must now go, and give orders previous to their arrival.—I should think, by my friend's letter, they will be here to-night."—"And in all probability," said his lordship, "Nugent will be too much fatigued to remain a minute below stairs—but let what will happen, I will not suffer you, my love," continued he, tenderly pressing the hand of Lady Newark, "to agitate yourself.—Mathuen, I depend on you taking care of your mother."—About an hour after dinner, a carriage drove up to the door—Mathuen went down stairs to receive the visitors, accompanied by his mother—

ther—all Lady Newark's dislike towards Nugent immediately vanished on beholding his altered and emaciated frame, and in a voice of the kindest enquiry, she asked how he had borne the fatigue of his journey? Overcome by exertion and agitation, he could scarcely reply, but leaning himself back against the carriage, he put his hands before his face, as if endeavouring to collect, and compose himself.—Lady Newark now observed that his countenance was livid, pale, and yellow, his frame was wasted almost to a skeleton, while the manly beauty which had once eminently adorned his person, had departed, leaving but faint traces of its original splendor, while the fire which had animated his now sunken eye, had given place to a look of the deepest dejection; that dignity of spirit which had often degenerated into hauteur, was, like his frame, bent to the earth with
the

the oppression of disease, and his whole appearance denoted his speedy approach "to that bourne from whence no traveller returns."—Mathuen having handed Mrs. Nugent out of the carriage, attempted to assist the invalid, when a strange gentleman, who was at that moment accidentally passing, and whose progress had been momentarily interrupted by the attendants, politely offered his assistance—his voice attracted the attention of Mr. Nugent, who looked with an involuntary earnestness in his face, and at the same moment shrunk from the proffered civility—the abruptness with which he withdrew his arm from the grasp of the stranger, appeared to surprise him, and he fixed his eyes on the countenance of Nugent, as if to demand an explanation—the stranger started, while Mr. Nugent endeavoured to elude his scrutiny.—"Gracious God!" exclaimed the stranger, "how miraculous

miraculous are thy ways!"—Mr. Nugent groaned audibly.—"Villain! monster!" cried the stranger, whose appearance and air bespoke him a foreigner of distinction, "where is thy wife?"—Adeliza and Mathuen now attempted to proceed with their charge, when the stranger, with a dignity which at once bespoke the nobleness of his mind, drew back a little, yet still followed them.—Nugent's whole frame trembled convulsively, and Adeliza, unable longer to sustain the weight of his helplessness, called faintly for more assistance; during which time, the stranger again exclaimed, "Where is thy wife—where is Blanche Viagonetta—where is Blanche Darlington?"—"She is within," answered Lady Newark, running into the house, and calling aloud, "Blanche! Blanche!" while the sound was echoed by the voices of the domestics, who, perceiving Mathuen's inability to support

support the invalid, came to his assistance, and laid him upon a sofa in the parlour; he attempted to raise his head, when Adeliza ran and seated herself behind to support him; he seemed, at this moment, suffocating, and closing his eyes, appeared for some time unconscious of surrounding objects; the stranger stood before him, with his arms folded, and in deep contemplation, regarding with earnestness the ravages which time and care had made on his countenance; while Blanche, who had heard the voices of Lady Newark and her servants pronounce her name, hastily ran into the room, followed by Clara and Lord Newark, who all endeavoured to aid in restoring the inanimate Nugent.—“And who art thou?” demanded the stranger, taking the hand of Blanche, and looking in her face with earnestness and astonishment.—“For God’s sake,” cried she, “ask no questions

tions—ask not who I am, only try to relieve the poor gentleman—fly for assistance—poor Mr. Nugent will die!”—“Nugent!” repeated the stranger, “Nugent!—Darlington, you mean.” Blanche heard him not; for, agonized at his delay, she burst into tears.—“Tell me, I beseech you,” cried he, “what is your name? This instant I will go, only tell me your name.”—“It is Darlington,” cried Blanche, “my name is Blanche Darlington.”—“Then you are his child, the daughter of that vil——”—“Hush!” cried Blanche, “I never saw him before to-day, his name is Nugent—I am not his daughter.” The stranger shook his head.—“For God’s sake,” cried Blanche, “as you value your eternal happiness, fly, and procure him some assistance—he is dying—I know he is dying!”—A servant now entered to say that Dr. — would attend him in a few minutes.—Blanche knelt by the side

side of Nugent ; she pressed his clay-cold hand to her lips.—“ Where is your mother—where is Blanche Viagonetta ?” said the stranger.—Blanche started, but replied not.—“ Oh, I see !” cried he, “ I know it all—that wretch is your father.”—Blanche was ready to faint, Clara ran to her assistance.—“ Yes, that villain is Darlington, the fictitious Darlington, the pretended husband of Blanche Viagonetta, the seducer of innocence—he is your father !” Blanche cast a look of horror on the stranger, one of agony towards her father, whose lifeless hand she again pressed to her lips.—“ And who art thou ?” cried she, her voice choaked with conflicting emotions.—“ I am your uncle, the husband of Eleanor Viagonetta, the marquis of Deloraine !” Blanche pressed his hand to her lips, he knelt by her side, and folded her in his arms ; tears prevented her speaking ; she cast a look of entreaty
2 towards

towards him, as if imploring his mercy for her father, who now, opened his eyes; still the form of the marquis presented itself before him; he turned his face towards Blanche, the resemblance her features bore to those of her mother, conjured up a fresh phantom of horror—he shuddered convulsively.—Blanche extended her hand towards him; she pressed her lips to his cheek; she wiped away the cold sweat which bedewed his forehead, and forgot, in that moment, all the terrors his name had been accustomed to inspire.—The sick man attempted several times to speak, but failed; he bent his countenance towards Adeliza; and, after much difficulty, exclaimed, “Who, who is she?”—Adeliza pronounced her name,—“I am your daughter,” cried Blanche, kneeling before him—“I am your daughter! O bless me my father—bless your poor Blanche!” He extended

tended his hand towards her, then withdrew it suddenly, and gave a deep groan. "O my father!" exclaimed she, "my father! he is dead, I shall never see him more!"—Her voice and agony roused the dying Nugent, and he again attempted to raise himself; he cast a fresh glance of horror on the marquis, an eye of pity on his daughter, one of despair towards Adeliza, while a convulsion of terror passed over his countenance, as he caught a casual glance of the person of Lord Newark—"I am going," cried he, "I am going!" while a cold shiver was extended over his whole frame—"I have injured you all, I would endeavour to make reparation, but it is now too late—Adeliza, I never possessed your love."—His breath grew short; after a pause, he again proceeded,—"I had no right to your duty—yet I know your gentle nature will forgive me." Adeliza pressed her lips to his forehead,

head, while tears fell from her eyes on his cheek—again he cast a glance towards the marquis—the marquis stretched out his hand towards him—“ I forgive you,” cried he, “ as I hope for mercy in my last hour !” Nugent shuddered, groaned, and looked alternately at Lord and Lady Newark, and at length exclaimed—“ You cannot forgive me, I feel, I know it is impossible !”—I do, we both do—” cried Lord Newark, “ you have never injured us.” “ O God ! would that it was so !” cried Nugent, “ but I am going—O my child, my child save me !”—The terror, agitation, and agony into which he now sunk, burst the abscess in his liver, and immediate convulsions and suffocation followed.

Dr. —, now entered, and commanded universal silence, assuring them that human aid was ineffectual—“ The last agonies are upon him,” said he, “ and all we can now do, is to let his
parting

parting moments be as quiet as possible."—The room was suddenly still, not a whisper was heard, while Adeliza and Blanche, who still supported him; scarcely breathed, lest they should agitate and alarm him; but in a few moments his convulsions became so strong, that they were obliged to call in the assistance of the men-servants—and Dr. —, insisted on every person leaving the apartment, except those who were necessary to attend in the performance of the last duties; and the moment they left the room, Blanche gave way to the most violent sorrow; vain were the arguments of our heroine to console or support her.—Adeliza, was also much affected; and accused herself of insensibility towards the merits of the deceased, while the general shock received by the whole party, was not easily overcome. Clara was the only one to whom on this occasion they all looked for
comfort,

comfort, and she determined on this account to dispatch a note, apologizing to her aunt, for passing the night in the square.—Having done this, by the advice of Dr. —, she insisted on Mrs. Nugent and Blanche's retiring for the night, where having administered to each a composing draught, she took leave of them, as we shall do of our readers, for the present.

CHAP. III.

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- " Will the Stork, intending rest,
 " On the billow build her nest?
 " Will the bee collect her store
 " From the bleak, and bladeless shore?
 " Man alone intent to stray,
 " Ever swerves from wisdom's way,
 " Lays up wealth in foreign land,
 " Sows the sea and ploughs the sand."
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THE following day an express was dispatched to Miss Nugent, with an account of the sudden death of her brother; and a request from the afflicted Adeliza, that she would hasten her return to town as much as possible. Miss Nugent was extremely shocked at this event; yet immediately determined,

ed, that as her presence in London could be of no essential service to her sister; and the state of poor Lewisham's health still rendered a companion necessary to him, to remain at Margate, until the expiration of the time she had formerly appointed; and that her absence might not prevent Adeliza from pursuing the regulation of her brother's affairs, she nominated Lord Newark to act for her, in case necessity should require any thing on her part. In a few days, therefore, the body of Nugent, was interred without either pomp or ostentation, in the parish church to which the house of Lord Newark belonged; and after the funeral, the usual ceremony of opening the will was performed in the presence of Lord Newark, the Marquis of Deloraine, (whom his lordship had requested to attend in behalf of his niece) and Mr. Mathuen; Mrs. Nugent having excused herself from

from being present at the painful scene. After a few insignificant bequests, the will proceeded in the following manner:—

“ *Item.* I give, devise, and bequeath to my daughter Blanche Darlington, the daughter of Blanche Viagonetta, whom I married under the fictitious name of Darlington, the intire and sole possession of twenty thousand pounds; now in the hands of my bankers, as a small recompence for the manifold injuries which her mother has sustained at my hands. The whole of my remaining property I will to be possessed by my wife, Adeliza, the daughter of Frazer Campbell, of Castle Campbell; in the county of Perth, all those estates which are unentailed, to be disposed of at her demise as she shall think proper.—I request her to present a remembrance to my sister Arabella, in consideration of the harmony in which we have always
lived.—

lived.—And I also will, that the packet in my escrutoire, inclosed with this, and sealed with three black seals, be presented to Lord Newark whole and intire; and I pray his lordship to extend towards the writer his forgiveness, and that both he and his lady will strive to forget the injuries I have done them—Reparation, alas! is not in my power.”

The confidential servant of Nugent, who had read the will, now presented his lordship the packet; and Lord Newark having requested him to inform Mrs. Nugent, he could only think of opening it in her presence; and given a polite invitation to the Marquis of Deloraine to spend the following day with him, retired.—The marquis was now commissioned to bear to Blanche the intelligence of the fortune bequeathed her; and an affecting conversation

took place between them; in which the marquis gave his niece a succinct account of the misfortunes which had befallen the family from the time her mother quitted it.—“The death of my father was followed by the loss of my wife,” said he, wiping a tear from his eye; “who died in consequence of a premature accouchement, and five months after that event, a contagious fever deprived me of my eldest daughter—Violante, whose kindness and attention to my little angel, I shall never forget, caught the distemper from her; and Agnes, my youngest child, is all that now remains of the happy family circle which used to surround me.—The troubles of my country have deprived me, likewise, of the affluence I once possessed; but I have been, by the goodness of Providence, enabled to secure a competence, which will descend to Agnes at my demise—she lives a few miles from

from this great city, in a small cottage; where, when not otherwise engaged, I shall be happy to see my dear niece, and introduce her to her cousin."—

Blanche thanked the Marquis for his friendly attention, and then in as few words as possible, disclosed to him the melancholy fate of her mother; a blush of indignation covered the manly features of the marquis, as she recounted the injuries her parent had sustained; and only the remembrance of the sad fate of her persecutor, could restrain him from heaping curses on his memory.—In the evening, Lord Newark, being impatient to read the packet so singularly bequeathed to him by the deceased Nugent, sent a servant to request the company of Mrs. Nugent to meet Lady Newark and himself in the library; when being all seated, he broke the seals and read as follows:

“The actions of my past life, when called up in review before me, crimson my cheek with shame; yet it is necessary I should retrace, not only my actions, but the motives by which those actions were directed. When these papers meet the eye of your lordship, you will recollect, that the hand by which they were traced, is mouldering in the dust! Yes; death will, ere that period arrives, have buried the remembrance alike of pain and pleasure—I will not blush before any man, and only in death, therefore, can reveal my sad and fatal errors. Such is the unbounded pride of my own heart, that I am conscious one moment of suffering, aggravated by the contumely of the world, would put a final period to my existence.

“Your lordship is well acquainted with my birth, family, and fortune; of these I shall, therefore, say little.—I

was

was blessed by nature with a fine person, and an understanding above mediocrity ; both of which were cultivated by my parents with assiduous care ; yet it will be proper here to remark, that this cultivation, as is too frequently the case, was rather cultivated to make me a shining than a virtuous character. I was carefully, and constantly instructed never, for a moment, to lose sight of the greatness of my extraction—never, in the slightest instance, to degrade my family.—I was taught to despise, such and such actions ; not because they were at variance with the principles of religion and virtue, but because they were mean and dishonourable in the estimation of the world.—Thus the natural ambition of my temper was stimulated, and the consequence was, that not having any internal bent towards goodness, when at any time I fell short in the career of excellence, I

attempted to attain the appearance of it; a habit of dissimulation and deceit, was thus early acquired, and has principally promoted a life of vice and profligacy.—The love of wealth, was also, encouraged in my young breast, as one grand and never failing source of gratification; and I was spurred to endeavour to attain it, as an infallible means of that family aggrandisement, which appeared to be the leading object of my education—the force of that education was so great, that at the age of eighteen, my hopes, wishes, and desires, were all concentrated in this one point; and I determined to lose no opportunity of effecting it, which art or chance might present. My father, who traced his descent from the Norman Conquest, was proud, ostentatious, and reserved; and my mother, whose pedigree was still more ancient, upheld, and supported him in an unbounded pride, and self-

consequence.—My sister, fortunately, escaped this error; in a great degree, as she was only a secondary consideration in the family; and she had also, the good fortune to be early corrected, and instructed by the amiable Mrs. Campbell, the mother of Adeliza.

“ At this period I quitted Scotland, to make the tour of Europe; and as it was not considered expedient to grant me a splendid establishment, I was to take upon me the fictitious name of Darlington; by which means, I should preserve to myself intire the benefit of observation; and, at the same time, reserve a large sum of money, to begin my intended career in my native land, in a brilliant manner. In the province of Languedoc, I unfortunately discovered a beautiful Florentine girl of quality; her virtue was assailable only by means of a private marriage, and encompassed by a host of friends, I had great difficulty

in persuading her to become mine without their knowledge ; yet at length, by the vilest stratagem, I effected it ; and being united to her under the name of Darlington, the marriage was consequently illegal in the eye of the law.—I loved her with unbounded affection, which studiously sought its own gratification, for I never once entertained a thought of really making her my wife ; yet that I was never happy out of her presence, was but too evident ; and I now began to devise a plan for removing her intirely from France to Great Britain.—This also I effected.—Arrived in England—I placed her in a small seaport-town, and hastened to see my family from whom I had been absent nearly three years.—My father received me with rapture, and soon after proposed an alliance between me and my present wife.—I offered myself to her acceptance with regret ; for notwithstanding

standing her large fortune, I could not help making comparisons between her and Blanche, which were by no means in Adeliza's favour—for my Blanche was beauty personified—Miss Campbell, on the contrary, was not handsome—I was refused—Good heavens! who shall speak the fury of my soul? I was absolutely mad with passion—I swore, if in the power of fate, I would be revenged—too well did I succeed.—I discovered that a young man of the name of Netterville, who passed for the ward of Mr. Campbell, was my rival; and I also knew, from the general report of the world, that he was Adeliza's brother; yet I carefully concealed from the lovers the knowledge of this relationship, and Mr. Campbell was wholly unsuspecting of their attachment. When matters had gone on as I thought far enough, I demanded Mr. Campbell's interference in my favour;—

he commanded his daughter to receive my addresses—an explanation followed—and I rejoiced in the misery of these innocent young people.

“Netterville quitted his native land, and Mr. Campbell, soon after, compelled his daughter to become mine—now then I triumphed and tyrannized in security.—Mr. Campbell died, and in right of my wife, I came into possession of all his large property. My father, also, had been dead some time, my mother soon followed him—gratified to the extent of what had been my wishes, I was not yet satisfied, and eagerly grasped after more ; and most probably, had the world been mine, I should, like its mighty conqueror, have regretted that fresh ones were not made for me.

“During this period, I occasionally resided with Blanche, who began to complain of lassitude, and want of society ;

ciety; with difficulty could I prevail on her to remain where I had placed her, and in consequence of her complaining disposition, I quitted her intirely, leaving no clue by which she could discover me. My ardent desire of aggrandizement still continued—and on your lordship's quitting Scotland for India, I determined, if possible, to secure the reversion of your wife's fortune, as in default of male issue, it descended in right of her mother, who was a Macdonald, to Adeliza.—Here, once again, I triumphed securely—for I obtained the person of Lady Clanrick, and confined her in a solitary castle, that I hired, in which place she was delivered of a son, whom I also secured.”

Lady Newark was nearly fainting—“O!” exclaimed she, “go on, go on! tell me, my son—what of my son? O! where, where is he?”—“My beloved Katie,” said Lord Newark, “know

you not that your son is no more—know you not that the vessel in which he was embarked, was sunk on the coast of Northumberland?”—“True,” replied she, “but my heart will still hope—the expressions of the vile!”—“Compose yourself, my love, suffer me to proceed—come, drink a glass of wine and water—” Adeliza gave her one, and his lordship proceeded as follows:—
“I dispatched the boy in a vessel to Scotland, where it was my intention to bring him up as a peasant; Providence, however, frustrated my designs—the vessel was lost—yet, my lord, I think—”—Lord Newark paused—looked at his lady with emotions of mingled fear and delight—“What?” cried she, “tell me, I beseech you!”—and she grasped his arm, “What does he think?”—“Can you promise, my Katie, to compose yourself?”—“O, I can bear any thing better than this dreadful

dreadful suspense—tell me, I conjure, what Mr. Nugent thought!"—"My Katie, be not too sanguine."—Lady Newark panted for breath—"Go on!" cried she, "for mercy's sake, go on!"—"I think," proceeded his lordship, reading, "your son lives!"—Lady Newark, sunk senseless on the floor—proper restoratives being administered, she in a short time revived, when Lord Newark tried to prevail on her to retire for the night, but she insisted on his continuing the narrative, and he went on as follows:—

"Lady Clanrick escaped from her confinement; Netterville was returned to Europe, and my sister being now in possession of a large fortune, I persuaded her to come and reside with me, fearing an accidental meeting between them might awaken the partiality I knew she had formerly entertained for him.—I again sought my Blanche; she received

received me with affection—my cruelty was forgotten—she brought me a daughter—how my pride was wounded!—I had no legitimate child—Providence, in the midst of my success, thus disappointed the vain pride of my heart—my family would be extinct—how many days did I spend in the bitterest regret on this account!—I now determined to leave Blanche intirely—I did so—happiness was fled from me for ever—the thorn of anguish was continually pressing my vitals, while conscience reproached me daily with the misapplication of those talents which the bounty of Providence had given me. Years rolled away, and, in the lapse of time, I found only an increase of sorrow; I wrote to Blanche—I demanded her child—she refused—I came and settled at Bamborough, and the first glance I caught of young Netterville convinced me he was your son!

Yes,

Yes, my lord, he is your son—your long-lost—your long-regretted Donald!" Lady Newark caught the hand of her lord; she pressed it to her heart; his lordship folded her in his arms, and went on as follows: "Exactly at the time in which your son was lost, did Netterville, the brother of Adeliza, discover this young man in a vessel which had been wrecked and deserted by its crew, who all perished in a boat within sight of land. My lord, he has preserved, no doubt, some remnants of his infant clothing when he was discovered—or, probably, some mark about his person might make known to Lady Newark her son; for my own part, I am convinced of the truth of what I here assert. The sight of your son caused a general revulsion in my whole mass of blood; and the despair of Blanche, who soon after drowned herself, completed my misery. On earth

earth I have no peace—Heaven will not open its gates to such a wretch as me. I am going fast towards the grave, and now see, when too late, the sinfulness of my past life. I tremble at the retribution of the Almighty, and am appalled at the retrospection of the past. I am convinced, when the conviction can no longer avail me, that “Man walketh in a shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain; he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them.” Not one action of virtue have I performed—not one ray of comfort does futurity promise me; and, as by our actions we must stand or fall, I have reason to despair!”

During the time of breakfast at Lord Newark's, the following day, a carriage stopped at the door; the whole party rose, and went to the window; Mathuen stepped out of it, and handed out Miss Nugent, who was followed
by

by our hero. Lady Newark could scarcely support herself. "Now, my Katie," exclaimed Lord Newark, taking her hand, "exert your fortitude; and, for my sake, do not let this interview upset your composure." Mrs. Nugent walked towards the door, to meet the travellers. Lady Newark gasped for breath when she beheld the features of Lewisham; and the affection which had been so long pent up in her bosom burst forth at once; she rushed forwards to meet him, exclaiming, "O, my son! my beloved son, welcome to the fond arms of thy mother!" and intirely exhausted, she sunk at his feet. Lewisham, alarmed at this event, endeavoured to assist her; but being unable to stoop, from the wound in his side, he knelt by her, vainly attempting to raise her. The rest of the company now flew to his assistance, and Miss Nugent was greatly
alarmed

alarmed, lest this incident should hurt her protégée. Lady Newark opened her eyes—"My son, my beloved son!" cried she, stretching out her hands towards Lewisham, "once more let me press you to my maternal bosom!" Lewisham trembled with agitation. "Would to God," exclaimed he, that I was your son!—"Would to God that I was blessed with such a mother!" Lady Newark clung round his neck, "I feel, I am convinced," cried she, "my strong emotions convince me, I cannot be deceived. You are, indeed, my son; the sweet blooming cherub, whose loss upset my weak reason—whom years have not banished from my memory!" Lewisham looked at her with astonishment; he could not credit the evidence of his senses. Lord Newark advanced towards him,—“My son,” said he, stretching out his hand, “we have every reason to suppose you are, indeed,
our

our son—our first and only son!" Lewis-
ham was, if possible, more astonished
than before.—"God for ever bless and
keep my son!" continued his lordship.
Mathuen now approached, and took
his father by the hand, "God for ever
bless, and keep my son!" said his lord-
ship, putting his hand on the head of
the kneeling Mathuen, "God bless,
and preserve both my children!" Ma-
thuen burst into tears, while Lewisham,
in a voice scarcely articulate, exclaimed,
"O, do not, do not deceive me—do
not raise in my bosom expectations
which can never be realized!"—"And
cannot my emotion, my strong and un-
controulable emotion, convince you?"
asked Lady Newark—"Is it possible
any thing but maternal affection could
thus agitate me?—O, my son, let me
not doubt a moment, distraction will fol-
low!" Netterville fell at her feet; he em-
braced her knees—"Heaven knows,"
cried

cried he, "how supremely blest I should think myself could I dare to hope you were not deceived."—"O doubt it not!" exclaimed Lady Newark, in an agony; "O do not, do not render me miserable! you are, you are my son! I feel I know it; and will not the resemblance, which has been so often remarked between you and Newark, convince you of it?" Lord Newark now again embraced his son, and presented him to his brother; while Mrs. and Miss Nugent eagerly congratulated his lordship on this new acquisition to his family.—"That not even a shadow of doubt may remain," said Lord Newark, "on any of our minds, tell me, Lewisham, have you not preserved any thing by which we may identify your claim on us?"—"I have, at my late lodgings," replied he, "a large trunk, full of trifles, which my benefactor carefully preserved; among which,

which, if I am indeed your son, your ladyship can scarcely fail to remember a coral, and a mantle."—"I do, I do, my son!" cried Lady Newark—"marked in your own name," replied Lewisham; "for, if I mistake not, the letters are K.C."—"I have no longer a doubt!" cried the transported mother—"besides, my son had three remarkable moles on his right arm." Lewisham turned back his sleeve, and exhibited them. Lady Newark pressed his arm to her lips; his eyes sparkled; he again threw himself at the feet of his delighted parents—again received their blessing!—"Mathuen," said Lady Newark, "you also are my son, do not grudge your brother this ebullition of tenderness; for this my son," cried she, "was lost, and is found was dead, and is alive again!" Lewisham embraced his brother—"Come," cried Miss Nugent, "I insist on your becoming a little reasonable, my lord—
neither

neither yourself or Lady Newark have, as yet, asked me to seat myself—come, Adeliza, get us some breakfast, for we have eat nothing to-day; and my poor boy—I beg his pardon—my lord, I should now say, has not, of late, been used to fasting.—Pray what is become of Miss Walsingham?" Lewisham coloured.—“Do you know, fellow,” continued she, “that the account of your illness threw poor Clara into a fit?”

Lady Newark wishing to change the subject, called their attention to the breakfast-table.

CHAP. V.

" Good unexpected, evil unforeseen,
" Appear by turns, as fortune shifts the scene,
" Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain,
" Then bound so hard, they fall to rise again."

WHAT a change had a few, a very few weeks, made in the prospects of Netterville; from being known only as an obscure and indigent individual, a dependant on the bounty of Miss Nugent, he was now become the acknowledged son of Lord Newark, undoubted heir to his large estate and title, and already bearing that of Clanrick, which had descended time immemorial to the eldest son of the family. From having no relatives or connection, he was become the proud hope, almost the idol,

of fond and indulgent parents ; he was blessed with youth, health, fortune, friends, family ; was followed, courted, caressed, and flattered, by that world which had lately regarded him with scorn. His mother almost lived in his presence ; she watched his very looks, anticipated his wishes, marked every change in his interesting countenance, was alarmed on his slightest complaint of indisposition, and in the fulness of felicity often sighed when she reflected on the uncertain tenure by which it was hers. Lord Clanrick also, while he lifted his heart in thankfulness to the Great Disposer of events for the change in his situation, while he acknowledged with gratitude the numerous blessings he enjoyed, still sighed for that one which he believed to be unattainable ; his wishes, his hopes, his fears, all centred in Clara ; and his thoughts, in spite of effort to the contrary, still re-
3 curred

turned to that memorable morning when he quitted London for Margate, still dwelt upon the conversation he had then heard, still beheld, in imagination, the hand-writing of Clara; still recollected with bitter agony, the animated and expressive words—"O Mathuen, Mathuen, what is life, if I am condemned to be separated from thee?" Constantly, daily, hourly, exposed to the fascinations of Clara, his fortitude almost forsook him; anguish oppressed his heart, and he could scarcely conceal from observation the deep and incurable sorrow which eat into his vitals; he was no longer as formerly, the life of society; no longer animated by gaiety, no longer assiduous to please, but languid, inert, and inactive; he flew to solitude for the relief of affliction, and freely indulged in that grief, which he imagined was destined to last for ever.

Latimer had returned to town as soon as Lewisham's recovery was certain. Their late disagreement was forgotten, and a fresh and more lasting friendship cemented on its ashes. His friend's exaltation, though he was himself a sufferer by it, rejoiced him; and, intirely cured of his libertinism, he was now the declared and received admirer of Blanche; who, divested of all anxiety on our hero's account, received his addresses without attempting to disguise the pleasure his preference gave her.— Mrs. and Miss Nugent now hired a ready-furnished house in Capel-street, which they insisted on Blanche's considering as her home, and where the Marquis of Deloraine and his daughter were almost constant visitors; and where, attracted by the charms of Agnes Deloraine, Mr. Mathuen also spent the greatest part of his time.

The

The frequent hints which were thrown out on this subject, could not fail at length to attract the observation of Lord Clanrick; and he determined to scrutinize with unremitting earnestness the conduct of all parties; yet the more he did so, the more was he involved in doubt and perplexity; for Mathuen, though the acknowledged lover of Agnes, abated nothing of his accustomed attention to Clara, who appeared to feel neither regret or anger at the manifest preference which he gave to her rival.

Lord Clanrick almost began to doubt the evidence of his senses—"If," cried he, mentally, "if, indeed, she is indifferent to Mathuen, it is possible I might succeed—O, Heavens! how blest, how supremely blest should I then be."—He now eagerly sought an opportunity of speaking to Clara alone, which she appeared as eager to avoid. She also caught the contagion of melancholy

from him ; she became languid and dejected ; and in a short time, under the plea of indisposition, and attention to the health of her grandfather, intirely absented herself from Cavendish-square. Clanrick bore this for some time with the appearance of composure, while his heart was torn with distraction : “ Clara,” cried he, mentally, “ is ill—she is dying, I shall see her no more ; O, let me fly, let me unburden to her my sad heart ; let me at once come to an explanation—I can no longer bear this racking suspense ; my soul is tortured with agony ; to know the worst, is at least some degree of ease, and hastily snatching his hat, he hurried to St. Martin’s.

Clara was sitting alone at work as he entered the parlour, he advanced towards her, she rose from her seat, a faint blush covered her cheek, she attempted to speak, the words died away
in-

inarticulately upon her lips, and she again sunk into her chair. The evident agitation of her manner, her confusion and alarm, escaped not the observation of Clanrick ; but determined at once to put an end to all mystery, he placed a chair, and seating himself by her, took her hand.—“Clara,” said he, “my dear Miss Walsingham, my beloved Clara, why this needless alarm, why this agitation, you are pale, you are languid, you are terrified ; for God’s sake tell me, how have I offended you ?” Clara spoke not, she replied not.—Clanrick threw himself at her feet—“When last I had the pleasure of being alone with you, I was, it is true, unconscious of my own actions ; carried away by the impulse of the moment, believe me I meant not to offend you.—O who, in such a conflict between despair and passion, could retain self command !” Clara rose from her seat, she attempted to quit him, but

he still held her hand ; again she strove to speak, but again her utterance failed. Lewisham continued as follows—" At the commencement of my acquaintance with you, my heart was fully sensible of your virtues ; I loved you, Clara—Heaven only knows how ardently, how fondly, how sincerely I still love you !" Clara withdrew her hand, the colour in her cheek was changed to a livid paleness, yet she endeavoured to put on an appearance of composure.—" My then unfortunate situation," continued he, " precluded the possibility of addressing you with honor ; and I quitted K—— with precipitation, because I dared not trust my heart within the sphere of your fascinations, and because I hoped to obtain some advancement which might render me worthy of you."—" Lord Clanrick," said Clara, interrupting him, " why this recapitulation ?"—" A moment's patience, madam, answered he,

2

" and

"and I have done ; I mean not to be obtrusive." Clara would again have spoken, but he went on as follows—
"Our first interview in London, if it might be so called, was not, I fear, calculated to give you any favourable impression of my character ; my subsequent conduct was less so ; yet candidly credit my affirmation when I assure you, that in both cases, appearances were deceitful." Clara again rose from her seat.
"This conversation is improper," cried she angrily, "highly improper ; I insist on being permitted to quit the room, I need no exculpation of your conduct—to me it is indifferent."—"Yet hear me only a moment," said he, "and I have done for ever !" Clara, no longer able to support herself, sunk into a chair.—"I was now," said Clanrick, "thrown frequently into your society, which I found but too dangerous and alluring ; and I had no longer the resolution to avoid you."

—"Netterville," exclaimed she, softened by his energy, "of what use is this retrospection? I am sorry for your situation; yet, believe me, bars, the most insurmountable bars, will for ever separate us!"—"Oh! it is too true, I see," said he, "I know it all, Mathuen, the fortunate Mathuen——"—"Hear me, Netterville, hear me for the last time, for I will never again suffer my ears to be violated by sounds like these."—"Am I then so hateful," asked he, walking about the room with violence, "is my love so very hateful? Am I indeed so despicable? Is it indeed true that you hate, despise, and scorn me?"—"Oh Netterville!" returned she, bursting into tears, "for your own, for my sake, be composed, and hear me; I do not hate you—Heaven is my witness, that I would sacrifice life for your happiness; I have no partiality for any one human being which could give you a moment's

moment's concern, be satisfied with my friendship, it is yours—bars the most fatal, the most insuperable bars, will for ever divide us ; ask me not," continued she, " what they are, demand not of me an explanation, which will convulse your soul with horror—be satisfied with knowing that they do exist, and that an awful interdiction is between us—from this moment you are my brother !" and she extended her hand towards him.—
" Never !" cried he wildly, striking his clenched fist against his forehead, " bid the tempest be calm, the impetuous torrent to roll backwards, the ocean to be still ; as soon shall they obey thee ! No, my soul is not capable of feeling towards you the calm and dispassionate sensation of brotherly affection ; let my strong, my agonizing emotions, speak for me ; let my convulsed frame, my quivering limbs, my throbbing heart, plead for me ; and if you have a spark

your nature, tell me, I
want to know what is it to which
you are so much tortured, so that you do not torture my soul
with your own apprehensions."—"In
my present state of mind," answered
Netterville, "it would be almost madness to
discuss any thing; when I see you
tranquil, when I see you collected,
when you make a proper use of the un-
derstanding which the Almighty has
granted you with, I may perhaps conde-
scend to talk to you—till then adieu!"—

"By heaven!" exclaimed he, with vio-
lence, "you shall not leave me; I will
know, I will hear every thing, every
mystery shall be solved at once; were
death to be the consequence, I must, I
will know to what you allude!"—
"Netterville," said Clara mildly, "com-
pose your agitation; I dare not, I can-
not, in your present state of mind, trust
you,"—"For God's sake!" exclaimed
he, throwing himself at her feet, "tell
me,

me, do not drive me to distraction, my soul is torn with frenzy, my heart is lacerated with anguish!—O Clara, Clara, I acknowledge your power over me, be merciful, abuse it not; fondly, tenderly, ardently loving you; doating on you to distraction, every thought of my heart has long been fixed on you; for you its hopes, its wishes, and its sighs, are daily wafted to the throne of heaven; unblest with you, losing every hope of your love, death, despair, and madness is the certain consequence!—No bar can be strong enough to separate us; if you do but love me, no power on earth shall disunite us!” Clara put her hands to her ears—“I dare not, I cannot hear you, my whole frame is agitated, my soul is convulsed with horror; as you value my eternal peace of mind, leave me this instant!”—and she abruptly moved towards the door, he stood before it, and again entreated her to hear him.

him.—“Heaven is my witness,” answered she, “I would, if possible save you the pang, which you thus force me to inflict—how severe will it be, when you reflect, that you have added to the misery of one, who is fondly, tenderly interested in your happiness, who would rather, much rather die than give you a moment’s pain.” She hesitated.—“Suffer me to leave you—I cannot—indeed I cannot reveal the dreadful truth!”—Clanrick caught her hand.—“O it must, it must be known!” cried he.—Clara cast her eyes on the ground—“Lord Newark is my father!”—Clanrick let her hand fall, he groaned audibly, sobbed in a convulsive manner, and rushed out of the room, and into the street in the same moment; while Clara, terrified, agitated, and dreading the eye of observation, hastily staggered up stairs, and locking herself in her own apartment, threw herself on the bed, and

and wept bitterly.—“ It is over,” sighed she, “ the so much dreaded explanation is over !” And rising from off the bed, she threw herself upon her knees, and lifting up her pure heart to Him who is the consolation of the afflicted, she prayed fervently for strength of mind, both for herself and Clanrick ; she entreated to be restored to that enviable state of composure and indifference which she had once possessed, and which, under affliction, can only be gained by the practical christian, and the consciousness of well-doing—she lifted up her heart in thankfulness to the great Disposer of events, who had opened her eyes, ere it was too late ; and consoled herself with the reflection, that they had neither of them been intentionally guilty, and that Providence marks not those errors which are the offspring of ignorance.—“ This cruel, this dreadful mystery once explained ;”
cried

cried she, "shall we not soon learn to feel for each other only a pure and lively friendship?—shall we not soon reduce our feelings to a proper and rational degree of esteem?"

The morning's agitation, and the consequent anxiety she had (nay still) suffered, on Clanrick's account, precluded the possibility of going down stairs to meet the scrutiny of Miss Nutcombe; and she pleaded indisposition as an excuse for her non-attendance at the hour of dinner; Miss Nutcombe sent her some up stairs, but Clara found herself unable to swallow a morsel; and after composing her appearance, she went into the chamber of her grandfather, where she continued the remainder of the day. Mr. Nutcombe, though apparently improved in his health, had not regained one spark of recollection; and still lingered on in a state of insensibility and idiotism, to which death would
have

have been a relief.—Here Clara in vain attempted to abstract her thoughts; the countenance of Clanrick, wild, distracted, and forlorn, still presented itself before her; she still saw him, in imagination, scarcely recovered from his illness, pale, dejected and unhappy; she beheld his altered features, his emaciated frame, his haggard looks, his convulsive agony, as he had that morning rushed from her presence; and terror, in spite of every effort to repress it, took possession of her soul; she trembled at every sound, was alarmed by the least noise in the street, and gasped for breath at the opening and shutting of the door; until at length a violent head ache, the consequence of alarm and terror, obliged her to retire to bed, where pain, apprehension, and disquiet gave way to momentary forgetfulness and she sunk into hurried and confused slumber.—What was the reality of her waking affliction

fiction, to the images of horror which fancy conjured up to appal and terrify her!—During the visions of the night, she beheld Lady Newark, raving in madness and desperation for the loss of her son—she saw Lord Newark, pale, miserable and unhappy, weighed to the earth by the pressure of calamity and distress, lifting up his eyes for consolation and support “to scenes of happier hope, to lands of brighter joy,”—“whither the poor, the prisoner, and the mourner fly for relief, and lay their burdens down.”—She saw Lord Clanrick stretched on the bed of death—beheld around him the pompous insignia of mortality—saw his manly, his animated countenance bereft of expression, stiff, cold, and insensible—she started, trembled, and awoke, in universal terror and agitation—the sound of footsteps alarmed her; they came nearer, they approached her apartment—she listened, hesitated,

ed, shrunk under the bed cloaths, again listened—her terror and agony increased, she jumped out of bed, and went to the door, exclaiming—“ For God’s sake, who are you?—Why do you not speak ?”—A figure in white stood before her, she heard it breathe distinctly, yet it spoke not, it answered not.—“ If you wish,” cried she, “ not to drive me to madness, I beseech you, I conjure you, answer me !—For mercy’s sake, speak !”—“ O Miss Clara !” replied a voice, which she immediately knew to be that of her own maid, “ is it you ? I verily thought it was a ghostess—I declare I do so quaver, and shake—my poor master is ill—Miss Clara, he’s dying—nurse Willis says as how that he can’t hold it but a little longer—he’s all over in a muck of sweat—and then he’s so cold and compelled—O Miss Clara, Miss Clara ! Did you ever see a ghostess ?” Clara heard not this simple question ;

tion ; but hastily throwing on her wrapping gown, she flew to her grandfather's chamber, who was, indeed, in the agonies of death, yet still in a state of insensibility ; no beam of recollection awoke, no sound, but deep and audible groans, proceeded from his lips---convulsion followed convulsion.—Clara was obliged to turn away her head, she felt a faintness and shivering come all over her, she tottered, reeled, and sunk senseless on the floor ; no one noticed her situation, no one flew to her assistance, every one was too intently occupied with the melancholy situation of Mr. Nutcombe, whose convulsions were almost too violent for the strength of his attendants ; he rose from his pillow, glared wildly round him, and sunk at once into the arms of his sister—never again to rise !——Clara gradually recovered from the state of insensibility into which she had fallen, when the
awful

awful scene before her recalled, in some measure, her scattered thoughts; she acknowledged the transitoriness of all sublunary enjoyments—and while she beheld the pale and distorted features of her grandfather—while she recollected that the lifeless frame, which she now saw, had been once gifted by animation, the world receded from her view—Clanrick was in that moment forgotten; and she hoped that the trials which were appointed her in this mortal life, would be a means of weakening her affections from it, and strengthen her dependance on a better, and more permanent state of felicity—she again sought relief, by unburdening her full heart in prayer; and soon after retired to her room, where, overcome by lassitude and weakness, she enjoyed some hours of sound repose.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

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- "Doubt shall for ever quit my aching heart,
"And anxious jealousy's corroding smart ;
"No other inmate shall inhabit there
"But soft delight, young joy, and pleasing care :
"Hence, then, for ever, from my fair one's breast,
• "That heaven of softness, and that seat of rest,
"Perplexing cares, and all that know to move
"Tormenting doubts, and all that trouble love.
"Scatter'd by winds recede, and in wild forests rove."
-

UNABLE any longer to repress her anxiety, Clara, as soon as she rose, dispatched Zephaniah to the house of Lord Newark, under pretence of informing his lordship of the death of her grandfather ; but, in reality, to learn how Clanrick had borne the shock of the preceding day, and ardently desirous of receiving the first intelligence on this subject, she forced herself into
some

some sort of conversation with her aunt Gertrude, who began in a dull and monotonous manner to descant on the proper length of their mourning; and with perfect composure, harangued on the manner in which the funeral ought to be conducted:—"I have been looking," continued she, "amongst my things, and have found several little articles which will be highly useful on this occasion;—see, here are two yards of black flowered crape; these will look lovely for a bonnet—added to which I mean to have a buffont and a little gimp, which I have also got; and with the taste of Mrs. Modish, in putting all together, it will be quite genteel." Clara agreed for once in her aunt's opinion; merely because she would not be at the trouble of answering her; and the old lady proceeded—"And I think, niece, it would be both proper and decent, to hire a new footman

man on this occasion,"—Clara looked surprized—"Zephaniah is both old and ugly; and besides, you know he will not wear black; and then he is so miserably awkward, there is no beating him near one's person: now, a modern footman is so genteel, so easy, so dégagé, that he can do a thousand little things for his mistress, which such an old fellow as that is quite incapable of. Now, Lady Frisk's Orlando, if his lady drops her glove, is as quick as lightning in picking it up; if her fan falls, Orlando presents it to her; if her shoe-string is untied, Orlando can do that too; he dresses her hair, assists at her toilet;—in short, is his lady's factotum. Now, that is exactly the sort of attendant I want: Orlando is also a good reader; and, when his lady is alone, he reads to her some work of wit and humour."—"And does Lady Frisk really permit her manservant to,

be

be her companion?"—asked Clara—
"Why not, child?—but hear me, niece, I think it absolutely necessary, that we should each of us have a footman to lean on when we make our first appearance at church."—"I, at least, madam,"—answered Clara, disgusted with her affectation, "shall be able to support myself." "Miss Walsingham," said her aunt, "did you ever hear of a deep mourner without an attendant?" "I have always seen it on the stage, madam; but as we are neither of us actresses, I should think, in so sacred a place as the house of God, it might be dispensed with."—"I, however, am not disposed to dispense with it, Miss Walsingham,"—answered the enraged spinster; "and, since you are so very economical, I must take the liberty of begging my friend, Lady Frisk, to lend me her Orlando; for my part, I now wonder at nothing—every proper and
decent

decent custom is abolished ; the principles of the age are relaxed in every respect ; and not the least attention is paid to decency or propriety.” — “ I should think it highly indecent, madam,” — replied Clara, “ to be seen looking familiarly on the arm of my footman ; but, as in all probability I shall not again make my appearance in the church of St. Martin, you may have the assistance of Zephaniah, who, I doubt not, will, to oblige me, put on a black coat for one day.”

Zephaniah now entered the room, and the conversation ceased ; — Clara trembled, yet anxiously enquired for the family in Cavendish-square. “ Lady Newark is very ill,” — answered the faithful domestic ; “ Lord Newark was from home ; Lord Clanrick has not been in the square during the night, and this has thrown his mother into fits.” — “ He is in some house of ill-fame,

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I sup-

pose," said Miss Nutcombe. "How can you be so uncharitable?" asked Clara, tears starting into her eyes, "rather suppose some accident has happened to him; rather suppose him dead."—"Dead!" said Miss Nutcombe, "dead, I say dead! what a fuss every one makes with him; I hate such affectation—fits, indeed about nothing!—he'll be home by and bye, never fear."—"Oh madam!"—said Clara, "can you wonder at a mother's anxiety for her child! and such a son, so good, so amiable, so engaging!"—"Yes, yes, I dare say, all you girls found him engaging enough; yes, no doubt, all of you were setting your caps at his title, when, not a few days ago, you would have turned up your noses at him—well, well, this is the way of the world!"—"I will go," cried Clara, "I will go this instant to Lady Newark;—she must want the consolation of friendship."—"Then I,

Miss Walsingham, am to be left," said Miss Nutcombe, "in a state of horror, of distress, of anxiety?"—"Anxiety! about what, madam?" asked Clara, unable to comprehend her. "Anxiety! yes, Miss Walsingham, to be left in such *dreadful* distress, with my poor brother lying dead in the house—the will unopened—without society, in a fatal and forlorn solitude."—"Send, madam," said Clara, "for any friend you please; for my own part, I am resolved to go immediately to the Square." So saying, she ordered the carriage, and retired to her own apartment to wait its approach; her limbs trembled, her whole frame was agitated, yet she did not weep; she threw herself on the bed; she again rose; she walked about the room in inexpressible terror and anxiety; she strove to collect her scattered ideas; alas, in vain! she attempted to hope——

——" Wild

—————“ While hurrying thoughts
“ Started every way from her distracted soul
“ To find out hope, and only met despair.”

She took up a book, yet unable to trace the lines before; she threw it on a table—the sound of the carriage reached her—she ran down stairs, and flinging herself into it, burst into tears—“ Where,” cried she, “ is my so much boasted fortitude now? where that composure which could speak peace to my afflicted friend?—O, Netterville! Netterville where art thou?”—In the midst of terrifying doubts, and distracting apprehensions, she reached Cavendish-square; and, hastily alighting, ran into the house-keeper’s room—there was no one in it but the still woman, and of her she enquired for Lady Newark—“ O, she is much, much better!” cried the woman, “ she has had a letter from the young lord, and my lord is returned;

she is now almost quite well.”—
“Heaven be praised!” said Clara,
“Heaven be praised!” her full heart
at once overflowing. “I will hasten
and congratulate my friend on this re-
lief to her anxiety; and she attempted
to rise, but the tide of happiness had
rendered her weak and tremulous, she
requested the woman to give her a glass
of water, which having drank, she soon
became composed enough, to ascend
to the apartment of her friend.—Lady
Newark extended her hand towards
her—“My sweet girl!” cried she, “my
lovely Clara, how glad am I to see
you! O, I have been so hurried, so
agitated, so distracted!—it is now past.”
—“My Katie,” said Lord Newark,
“we will banish the remembrance of
it, and look forward to the explanation
which my son bids us expect from Miss
Walsingham.”—“From me, my lord!
does your son refer you to me for an
explanation?”

explanation?"—"Here is his letter," said Lady Newark, extending it towards Clara, "read it my love."—The varying crimson fled from the cheek of our heroine, as she took the letter, and read as follows:—

"MY EVER BELOVED PARENTS.

"LET not the unaccountable absence of your son alarm you—let not the reports you may hear of his strange and ungovernable frenzy terrify you—it is past—a long night of watching has brought me to a sense of my folly;—has taught me to recollect, that I ought not, while blessed with so many reasons for thankfulness, to throw from me all the good gifts of Providence, merely because one which I had set my vain wish on, is denied me.—I have reasoned my heart into some degree of fortitude, and hope soon, to be able without regret,

regret, to subscribe to this line of the poet, that, "Whatever is—is right."—

"Such is the gloomy state of mortals here,

"We know not what to wish, or what to fear :

"———We go astray

"In every wish, and know not how to pray ;

"For he who grasp'd the world's exhausted store,

"Yet never had enough, yet wish'd for more ;

"Rais'd a top-heavy tower of monst'rous height,

"Which mould'ring, crush'd him underneath its

"weight."

"I am going to Clanrick-Hall, in Scotland, and hope soon to be joined there by my tender and affectionate parents.—Miss Walsingham can explain this mystery.

"CLANRICK."

Lord and Lady Newark, both looked at Clara, as if demanding an explanation—"Your son loves me," said she, hastily casting her eyes on the ground, her face covered with blushes—Lady Newark

Newark took her by the hand, "And can Lord Clanrick—can my son love unsuccessfully?" asked she; "Have you, then, Miss Walsingham, been the means of driving him from us?" Clara, now raised her eyes, and fixing them earnestly on the countenance of Lord Newark, she fell at his feet, exclaiming—"Tell me, my lord, am I not his sister—the sister of Clanrick, and your daughter?" Lord Newark raised her in his arms, appeared for some moments to raminate, and then said—"You are not, my love, in the slightest degree related to either of us."—"Yet, my lord, you once—you yourself once, told me, that I was the sister of Mathuen."—"It is so," said Lady Newark, "we can explain all this to your perfect satisfaction—Was it on this account my son left us?"—"It was," answered Clara.—Lord Newark quitted the room.—"Give me your confidence,"
H 4 Clara,"

Clara," said her ladyship, as she closed the door—tell me, my lovely friend, that Clanrick shall not sigh in vain!"

Clara, while trembling with emotion and agitation, pressed the hand of her friend, and replied—"Your Lewisham, Lord Clanrick, cannot be an unsuccessful pleader—does not my emotion, my confusion speak for me—does not my trembling agitation inform you, that, once convinced that no fatal bar separates us, I shall rejoice in acknowledging my attachment to him."—Lord Newark now entered the room, and giving our heroine a bundle of papers, he requested her to peruse them at her leisure.—Clara, being now a little composed, informed her friends, of the termination of her attendance in St. Martin's; and Lord Newark insisted, that she should send orders to her maid to make proper arrangements, and take up her abode in a family, of which he

soon

soon hoped to behold her a member.—
“I will hasten,” continued he, “to
your good aunt Gertrude, and I will
endeavour to calm her apprehensions,
by reading the will—if she be left with-
out a provision, my Clara must do
something handsome for her.”—Clara
acceded to this proposition, and his
lordship left them.

A few hours terminated Miss Nut-
combe’s suspense—on opening the will
of the deceased, Lord Newark found
that she had a bequest of ten thousand
pounds; he invited her to accompany
him and his lady to the north, as he
hoped her niece would, ere their return
to the metropolis, become the wife of
his son; consequently, her presence
would be proper at the ceremony.—
Miss Nutcombe, being in the best of
all possible humours, consented—The
house in St. Martin’s, was to be left to the
care of old Zephaniah, who was to re-

main in it until Clara's return; when he was to be exalted to the enviable situation of her own footman.

In a few days, Miss Nutcombe contrived to steal from her "dear friend," Lady Frisk, her Orlando; and was never tired of extolling her new acquisition—Lady Newark found it would be more than a month, ere matters could be entirely arranged for the journey; and the day after Clara's confession, she wrote as follows to her son:—

"PREPARE your mind, my best Lewisham, for wonders! Prepare yourself for happiness unspeakable! You will soon see your father and myself, attended by one, who cannot fail to bring felicity to the heart of my son—Clara, is not your sister! We shall soon be with you.—She shall become your wife! I shall grow old amongst my childrens' children.—O, Lewisham! what a tide
of

of bliss, flows in on my full, my maternal heart!—You shall know all when we meet. — Happy discovery! Fortunate predilection!—Clara alone, of woman-kind, is the daughter of my choice.

“ My son, be happy, and make the heart of your affectionate mother, sing for joy.——

“ KATIE NEWARK.”

As soon as the household of Lord Newark were retired to rest, Clara took out the papers he had given her, and hastily opening them, burst into tears, for she beheld the hand-writing of her mother!——

She read as follows in the next chapter.

CHAP. VII.

“ I would express him simple, grave, sincere,
“ In doctrine uncorrupt, in language plain;
“ And plain in manner, decent, solemn, chaste,
“ And natural in gesture; much impress'd himself,
“ As conscious of his awful charge, and anxious
“ Mainly that the flock he feeds—should feel it too.
“ Affectionate in look, and tender in address, as well
“ Becomes the messenger of grace—to guilty Man !”

THE HISTORY OF
MRS. WALSINGHAM,

*Written by herself, and addressed to her
Daughter.*

I WAS born in affluence, nursed in the lap of indulgence, cherished with fond maternal solicitude, bred a quaker.—My father, who possessed immense wealth, had me early instructed in every qualification our sect are permitted to acquire ;

acquire ; yet suffered me not, in one single instance, to go beyond the line of rigidness marked out by it ; hence it was, that though I possessed a sweet voice, and a remarkable ear for music, I was never permitted to improve the one, or cultivate the other.—My mother, meek, gentle, and amiable, submitted implicitly to the commands of her husband ; and his temper, naturally severe and unbending, became more so from this submission—the precepts of his sect, added to his prejudices ; and while he flattered himself, he practised as well as professed, a religion of peace—he gave himself up entirely to the yoke of bigotry, and a morose and gloomy disposition, which was in reality a total stranger to the charities of christianity.—The strictness of my education, was far from prepossessing me in favour of the religion of my forefathers ;

on

on the contrary, it disgusted me, as it appeared from its formal precision, to proceed more from the head than the heart.—I longed, ardently longed, to be emancipated from restraints, which I considered cruel and unnecessary. I viewed, with envy, every person of my own age, of a different persuasion ; and being of a lively temper, not unfrequently gave offence to my father, by an imitation of their dress and manners. Those of my own sect appeared to me a compound of hypocrisy and meanness. “ They profess,” cried I one day to a particular friend, “ to despise the pomps and vanities of the world ; yet, though they discard gaiety, they are more ostentatiously exact in dressing in the best materials ; their furniture is plain indeed, but costly ; their houses are the same as those of other people ; and in their entertainments is any one luxury spared

spared which can either gratify pride or sensuality?"——When I was about eighteen years of age, Mr. Walsingham came to reside in our neighbourhood—he was handsome in his person, pleasing in his manners, and generally beloved—his character was spoken of with enthusiasm—wherever I went, Mr. Walsingham was the general subject of conversation, and my young heart eagerly listened to the universal theme—he was a clergyman of the established church—once I had seen him ; and being in habits of intimacy with a young girl of my own age, she easily prevailed on me to attend divine service with her, to hear him preach. I feared my father should discover where I had been ; nevertheless, I complied, and we sallied forth. How did my young heart palpitate at the solemnity of the scene I then witnessed—how did I compare it with our own sectual meeting—and how did the latter

ter

ter shrink in the comparison. My whole soul was subdued, while Walsingham expounded to us, with distinct and energetic fervor, the divine truths of the gospel—how was my reason convinced while he expatiated and explained, with precision, his own hope in Christ; the frail passions of mortality, mixed not with the sentiments of religion and piety, I then felt; and I returned to my own habitation, convinced of the erroneousness of my own faith, and determined to exert myself, the first opportunity, to throw off the trammels with which the native freedom of my mind was shackled. Yet I will not attempt to deny, that I often thought on the graceful and elegant mortal who adorned the sacred profession of which he was a member; although, believe me, he had no weight in fixing my plans. I consulted the rector of the parish, a man of piety and virtue—he
strength.

strengthened my weak resolution—he persuaded me to be baptized, and himself performed the holy office, which, though conducted with all possible privacy, soon reached the ear of my father. The moment it came to his knowledge, he hurried home ; and entering a small parlour, where my mother and myself were seated at work, he addressed me in the following words—“ I am informed, friend Mary, that thou hast forsaken the faith of simplicity—that thou hast renounced the religion of thy forefathers—is this true ?” I trembled, hesitated, turned pale, yet at length replied—“ it is indeed true that I have been baptized—yet, oh my father !” continued I, falling at his feet in an agony of sorrow, “ do not, do not cast off thy only child !” —“ Thou art no longer my child !” cried he with sternness, “ thou art an alien—renounce thine heresy, or fly this dwelling—thou art unworthy of its shelter !”

ter!" My mother now, with streaming eyes, attempted to interpose in my behalf—alas in vain!—"Woman!" said he, sternly, "hold thy peace, learn not disobedience of thy rebellious daughter—leave my presence." This command her gentle spirit dared not dispute; and she retired, overwhelmed in affliction. "Mary!" continued my father, in a tone of increased severity, "Mary Nutcombe, quit this place! My house has ceased to be thy house, my people to be thy people, my God to be thy God! Thou wilt find friends in those who counselled thee to this step—depart instantly, thou shalt not rest in this habitation." "Oh my father!" cried I, in an agony of sorrow, "canst thou refuse the supplications of an only child?" "I will not hear thee!" replied he, "begone, and leave me;" and he absolutely pushed me out of the house, and shut the street-door upon me. Overwhelmed,

whelmed, for some moments, by the suddenness of the shock I had received, I remained for some time in this situation, unconscious of my own strange appearance ; for I had neither hat or cloak, and it rained violently. A voice at length aroused my attention---it was Mr. Walsingham's. " Miss Nutcombe !" cried he, " is it possible ? You will certainly bring on a fit of illness, by being thus regardless of your safety---give me leave to hold this umbrella over you, till your servant comes to the door." I started, almost shrieked, and then burst into tears. " Suffer me," cried I, " to die---leave me, leave me here, to perish at the door of my cruel father !" ---" Good heavens !" exclaimed Walsingham, " what is the matter?---Will you not knock at the door?"---" O ! I dare not, I cannot," said I---" my father has cast me off---I will go to the parsonage." ---" You will not go in this dress !" said he,

he, with evident surprise—"you have nothing on your head, and it rains dreadfully." I walked on, without heeding him---he followed, still holding his umbrella over my head, until suddenly recollecting himself, he desired me to take it; and hastily quitting me, he instantly returned with a hat and cloak he had procured---he now insisted on my taking his arm, and we proceeded in silence to the house of the good rector, where, pressing my hand, he wished me a good night, and left me. This was my first acquaintance with your father. The good rector and his wife received me with the affectionate tenderness of parents; and having collected, from my agitation, a confused idea of the truth, they insisted on my going to bed. Mrs. Nelson herself attended me upstairs, administered a bason of sack whey, and departed. In the state of terror and anxiety in which my mind

was,

was, I found it impossible to close my eyes—my soul was oppressed by a variety of contending emotions, until at length, entirely exhausted, I sunk into a confused and disturbed slumber. I awoke in a violent fever—the good Mrs. Nelson watched over me with the tenderest maternal solicitude—she became under heaven, the means of my preservation; and, some time after my recovery, revealed to me the conduct of my father. She had, during my illness, herself waited on him, with the information of my then hopeless state—he repulsed her with rudeness and contempt.—“It is,” said he, “her own fault—I will never more see her—spare thyself unnecessary trouble.—Get thee hence—Mary has forsaken her own people, and her father’s house—she is no longer my child!”—My gentle mother stole out to see me soon after my recovery—she wept over me, and in-
treated

treated me to change my opinion.—
“Hast thou not a heart, Mary?” asked she,—“Canst thou behold my grey hairs descend with sorrow to the grave?—Alas! Peace is banished from thy father’s house—bitterness of heart dwelleth therein!”—“O my more than mother!” cried I—“Heaven knows that I would sacrifice my best earthly hopes to give either yourself or my father peace; but my eternal happiness—to sacrifice that—it must not, it cannot be!”—“I will not constrain thee, my child,” replied she—“by thine own actions thou must ultimately stand or fall—peace be with thee!”—and pressing me to her bosom, she departed. It was not long after this that your father professed himself my lover—he was well acquainted with my story—he was, by me assured, that I had not any expectations from my relentless parent; and he has often told me it was my conduct,

on this occasion, which fixed his regard. The good Mr. Nelson forwarded his suit, yet I refused.—Mr. Walsingham applied to my father for his consent—he received the following answer:—

“ *Friend Walsingham,*

“THE day in which Mary Nutcombe left my house, that day I ceased to think of her—she is intirely the mistress of herself—perhaps for thy sake she forsook the faith of her fathers.”

My mother sent me privately a small sum of money, and her blessing.—“And will you not, Mary,” said the generous Walsingham, “consent to become mine? Your father thus leaving you to your own choice, you stand acquitted to him—even supposing he should ever be reconciled to you, he would never consent to an alliance with any one that was not of his own persuasion.—Ah! what disagree-

agreements ever attend the union of different faiths! Perhaps when he sees it is too late to attempt a change, he may at length pardon you."—"Alas!" sighed I—"thou knowest him not."—"But I flatter myself, Mary," said he, "that I know thee;" and he imitated my manner.---"Hast thou not told me I possess thy affection?---Shall not thine innocence find repose in these arms?"—"Alas!" returned I.---"I am a beggar!"—"Are we not then equal?" asked he---"for you know I am quite destitute of the gifts of fortune---I offer thee a heart untainted by vice, a name as yet unsullied by dishonour---I will shield thee from the world---I will be to thee the friends thou regrettest.---Shall I not also be the husband of thy choice?" I gave him my hand,---"Thy love is my glory," said I---"thy praise my highest aim.--Heaven grant that thou mayest not be disappointed!" The following

week we were united to each other.—This was imprudent.—He had only one hundred a year, and that depended entirely on his being able to perform the duties of his function.—Three children tended not to render us more affluent.—My mother, at this period, was taken ill—she wished to see me—my father at first refused to let me enter his house; but the evident increase of her distemper at length moved him.—I saw her for the last time—she gave me her blessing, she implored me to spare no effort towards softening the heart of my father.—“I will submit to any humiliation; any sacrifice,” cried I, “consistent with conscience, to obtain his forgiveness.” My mother bade me farewell; her mild eyes suffused with tears—I was scarcely mistress of my feelings—I was but too well convinced that I should in this world behold her no more.—Four days after she died!—She had, to the last

moment of her existence, and endeavoured strenuously to persuade my father to change his resolution respecting me—alas! in vain—he continued inexorable—she bequeathed me two thousand pounds, all she could command, unless she had outlived my father.—My affliction was severe, and deep—it was embittered by reflecting on the obduracy which had prevented my performing towards her the duties of a child—every instance of her past kindness and attention recurred to my memory; and I doubted not but that her sympathy for my situation had accelerated the progress of disease.—“Ah! why,” cried I, “was I not present to cheer the hours of sickness, to sooth the languor of disease, to attend thy last moments, receive thy parting breath?” My husband was my consolation and support—he instructed me to look beyond this sublunary world—he proved to me the impropriety

propriety of indulging useless sorrow---he animated me by his example, while he convinced me by his arguments.--Alas! what language can speak his worth? His was that rare combination of excellence so often sought, so rarely to be found; he was religious, without severity---charitable, without ostentation---ah! not only in the simple and insufficient charity of alms-giving, but that bright emanation of the divinity, that tenderness towards the failings of others, which never allowed him to judge with severity; either of their actions or motives. He was long in coming to a resolution upon any subject of moment; but, once fixed, his determination was unalterable.--He was indeed, my child, an ornament to his profession, and to human nature; yet so it is in the world, this man was overlooked by those who had the power of promoting him, while multitudes of his inferiors were exalted to
I 2 affluence,

affluence, dignity, and preferment! Mr. Walsingham repined not; the religion he professed taught him to consider this world but as a state of trial—a passage to futurity—a long and painful pilgrimage, to a delightful and beautiful country: his whole life was a preparation for death; and his death the prelude to a happy eternity! The two eldest of our children were seized with a malignant fever, which increased to such an alarming degree, that it was soon impossible to hope they might be spared us. They were taken to a better world; and I beheld them carried to the silent tomb, with emotions which only the heart of a fond mother can conceive; yet, in this hour of bitterness, did those beautiful words break from my lips:

“Sorrow scarce knew, before they knew to sin,

“A death which sin and sorrow does prevent,

“Is the next blessing to a life well spent?”

I deter-

I determined, once more, to attempt moving the obdurate heart of my father ; I flattered myself the sorrows I had endured, the death of my mother, and the solemnity of my present appearance, would speak in my behalf ; I took you, my beloved Clara, in my arms, and walked to his house ; the servant, at first, refused me admittance—but I was importunate, and would be heard ; after much difficulty he suffered me to go into the parlour ; there sat my cruel parent.—“ Friend Mary,” said he, as soon as he knew me, “ get thee hence—sorrow should be written on thy countenance—impressed on thy heart ; thy outward adornments, signifying nothing ; thy black raiment and thy costly attire, bespeak thee a child of vanity : this thou wilt soon find vexation of spirit—begone !”—“ O my father !” cried I, falling at his feet, “ let the remembrance of thy wife—my

sainted mother, plead for me ; does not nature speak to thy heart, and shall not her voice be heard—am I not thine only child ?”—“ Art thou not the help-mate of Walsingham ? Go into the stripping-room, cast off thine outward adornments of brodered apparel—get thee hence—Child of Folly—Daughter of Vanity—Heir of Sin !”—“ Here,” exclaimed I, “ will I kneel—here will I cling, until I obtain your forgiveness !” He turned short upon me, saying, “ Art thou repentant ?”—Wilt thou forsake thine heresy ?—Wilt thou quit thine husband ?”—“ O my father, only my God, and Walsingham, do I prefer to thee ! and is it not written in the Book of Sacred Writ, “ those whom God hath joined together, let not man put asunder ?” Violently irritated at this reply, he now broke from my grasp, and quitted the apartment. I pressed thee, my Clara, to my bosom—tears
streamed

streamed in torrents down my cheeks—disappointment saddened my heart, and I departed. Your father met me at the door; I informed him of the reception I had met with; he soothed my grief with the voice of consolation. “You shall not,” said he, “again be exposed to such cruel treatment; my Mary, we are acquitted to God, and to our own hearts; are we not content—can riches add to our felicity?” I pressed his hand to my lips in speechless rapture—we returned home. Misfortune had not yet ceased to persecute me—no; her quiver was still filled with envenomed shafts, which, one by one, were directed towards my repose—only of all the happy family circle by which I was once surrounded, is my Clara left me. The same evening Walsingham complained of indisposition; he was burning hot; and, ere morning, I became too fatally convinced that he

had taken the fever in which my poor babes had died. I sat by his bed-side, in almost indescribable anguish; I prayed earnestly to the Almighty to spare him to me.—Alas! I was unworthy of so great a blessing; his skin was parched up with fever; his beloved voice uttered nothing but delirium; and, when a small ray of reason illumined the cheerless scene, it was spent in prayer..

The good Mr. Nelson, in one of his lucid intervals, conversed with him for a considerable time; after which, he sank into a doze, from which he awoke with a conviction, that his existence would soon terminate.—“My beloved Mary!” said this best of men, “I fear not death; the thoughts of our separation, and the straitened circumstances in which I leave you, is far more appalling; yet my friend here,” continued he, pointing to Nelson, “will protect

protect you—the Almighty will not forsake those who trust in him—let this be your hope—he is a father to the fatherless,” tears prevented any reply on my part, and he went on—“ We shall meet again, my best love, in happier regions, where none of the frailties and errors attendant on humanity, shall bear us company—where our purified spirits shall hail each other, and rejoice in eternal happiness. Pardon the many causes of sorrow I have given you—pardon my faults; unkind, believe me, I have never intentionally been.”—“ Oh!” exclaimed I, kneeling by the bedside, “ I have never experienced an unkind or angry word; you have never given me a moment’s uneasiness since we were first united; if the Almighty would but spare you to my prayers, my whole life should be a continuation of thankfulness for this greatest of all blessings!”—“ It will not be,

"my best girl," replied he; "endeavour to exert your fortitude—we must part!"

The following day he grew much worse; and, in spite of every effort on our part to save him, he finally closed his eyes about six o'clock the succeeding morning. The suddenness of his death prevented my feeling, at first, the greatness of my loss; and it was long before I retained sufficient recollection to retrace these melancholy scenes for your perusal. At length, however, I awoke from this lethargy of the soul, to a more acute sensation of sorrow—the past again recurred to my mind's eye."

"I could not but remember, such things were—
"And were most precious to me."

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

IN CONTINUATION.

"Man, hapless man, for ever doom'd to know

"The dire disconsols which from discord flow.

"In all the countless numbers of his kind,

"Can rarely meet with one congenial mind ;

"If haply found, Death wings the fatal dart,

"The tender union breaks—and breaks his heart."

AGAIN I take up my pen to reveal to my Clara the incidents of my past life ; it was her cherub smiles which reconciled me to the world—which gave me, at once, agony and delight ; she continually reminded me of her father—of my sweet children consigned to the grave ; often have I wept over her when I reflected, that she had no longer a kind father to watch over her growing beauties, to foster her in his arms, to expand her talents, to culti-

vate, with assiduous care, her virtuous inclinations, to instruct her in the precepts of a religion at once holy, sublime, and beautiful. Figure to yourself, my child, my forlorn situation—deprived at the age of twenty-two, of every endearing connection in life, without fortune or friends, having an helpless innocent to support, on the scanty income arising from two thousand pounds—immersed in the gloom of retrospection, misery, and an intire solitude. I strove in vain to keep up my spirits; a variety of fears impressed my imagination; and, but for the charity of good Mr. Nelson, I know not what would have become of me: he no sooner saw my state of mind, than he sent for his wife, who kindly insisted on my again making part of their family. Here I once more experienced the attention of kindness and benevolence—here the oil of compassionate sympathy

sympathy was again poured into the wounds of my heart: by them I was encouraged to look forwards with hope, and, in a short time, I became resigned to my loss; my heart felt for them the affection of a daughter, beyond the bounds of their mansion I had no wish to gratify. How often has the prattle of my darling chased the gloom of despondency—how has her progress in speech gladdened my fond heart? Ah! you were, from your infancy, the image of your father, which, though occasionally a source of painful feeling, was oftener one of delight—for I flattered myself that my Clara would, with his person, inherit his virtues.

I had resided more than twelve months with this worthy pair—yet they would not suffer me to mention my departure. “If,” said the kind Mrs. Nelson, as we one day sat together at work, “if my dear Mrs. Walsingham, you can find

and happiness in being with us, let us still enjoy the pleasure of your company. Ah why, my friend, should the cold maxims of prudence, and worldly policy, make those strangers to each other, whose kindred minds are united by stronger ties than those of blood—what could affinity add to our affection for each other? I feel for you the tenderness of a mother—does not your own heart tell you the regret we should all feel at a separation? do not, then, I intreat you, mention it any more.”—A tear stole down her venerable cheek as she concluded—I pressed her hand in mine—my heart was too full to thank her—you, my Clara, held up your little mouth to kiss her, saying, “ Little Clara love every body, who love little Clara’s mamma.” She caught you in her arms, placed you on her knee, and inquired if you would like to leave her?—You answered, “ Little Clara very much,

much, when she go away." In a few months our solitude was interrupted by the presence of a nobleman of the name of Clanrick; his father had been the friend and patron of Mr. Nelson, and he came to make some stay with the worthy pastor; the melancholy impressed on his countenance, interested me in his favour: his person was uncommonly pleasing; his manners gentle and insinuating; his fortune was not small; he was heir to another title, and a larger estate, on the demise of his father; he was a man of understanding, had read much, and seen a great deal of what is in general called the world — yet his mind, from some singular events in his past life, was strongly tinged with a sort of romantic enthusiasm, which marked all his actions; his attention to my child first spoke to my heart in his favour, as it convinced me of the amiable and generous qualities

ties he possessed. I began to be pleased with his society, with his conversation. In a short time he professed himself my lover. My heart was for ever dead to the emotions of passion; but the esteem I felt for his many amiable qualities, the persuasions of my friends, together with the advantage I flattered myself his protection would be to my Clara, at length prevailed, and I consented to receive his addresses.—“ I will not promise you,” said I, “ that ardent affection which once constituted my happiness in the marriage-state, but you shall ever experience from me the most animated and lively endeavours towards promoting your felicity ; I promise you my esteem, which is built on the knowledge of your worth ; gratitude for the kindness you evince towards my dear Clara, and the love you profess to feel for her unfortunate mother.—“ And are not these sentiments,” cried he, “ a thousand

sand and a thousand times more lasting
than the transient ebullitions of passion?
Ah! what bliss can equal a love

“ By long experience, mellow’d into friendship !”

“ My Mary, I will not attempt to deceive you ; I will not attempt to conceal from you, that I have formerly experienced its pleasures—alas! transient and fleeting ; they only embittered subsequent disappointment!—to your gentle, your sympathising bosom ;—will I reveal those sorrows, which have long rankled in my own, and empoisoned the vital source of existence :—yes, you are the chosen partner of my heart ; the participator of its joys ; will you not also be the kind consoler of its cares ? Shall not our separate interests be henceforth united ? Ah, my beloved Mary, they undoubtedly shall—you have permitted me to hope you will be mine ; your Clara shall be my Clara also ;—it shall

shall be my care through life to guard her with paternal fondness ; at its close, I will secure to her an easy independence."—I pressed his hand to my lips,—"Generous Clanrick," cried I, "I feel for thee this moment a sentiment far surpassing love ; it can only cease with my existence ; the greatest earthly care is removed from my mind ; the anxious heart of maternal fondness will now sleep in security. Teach me, O, all bounteous Providence, a proper thankfulness for thy goodness ! Teach me how to repay, to this best of men, his unmerited favour towards me !—Ah, Clanrick, if you, who are so uniformly noble and generous can fail to be happy, who can expect felicity on earth ?" Clanrick attempted to reply ;—a tear glistened in his eye, which observing, I continued :—"I intreat you not to awaken painful emotions ; I wish not to gratify my own curiosity, at the expence

expenditure of your feelings : that starting tear too well convinces me, that memory is not without its thorn."—"My dear Mrs. Walsingham," returned he, "I am happy in having an opportunity of imparting to you my melancholy history ; it is short, but full of woe !—I was born at the seat of my father, Lord Newark, in the Carse of Gowry, which is situated near the town of Perth, in Scotland ; myself and a twin brother were the only children of our parents : their affection for us was equal, it was almost unbounded ; for, in us they rejoiced to behold the illustrious descendants of a noble lineage—in us, they expected to behold their family once more restored to its pristine splendour. My father was a man of severe and rigid character, who prided himself on nothing so much as the hereditary honours of his house :—my mother was his counterpart ; each supported the other in a
sort

sort of unbending reserve, from which they thought it almost impossible to swerve without degradation. This spirit of pride was a source of much vexation to my brother and myself; for, both young and lively, we were constrained in their presence, to conduct ourselves with an hauteur which assimilated not with our natural characters. We were denied all intercourse with any in inferior stations; consequently our acquaintance was very limited and confined, as we were circumscribed to a very narrow circle; and that, perhaps, not the most agreeable; it is not wonderful, that we longed for the arrival of that time which was to emancipate us from the rigid forms of rank. When we had attained our eighteenth year, my father himself conducted us to Edinburgh, where he entered us both as students; my brother he meant to continue there some years; myself only till he should procure

procure me some situation in the naval or military department. After having introduced us to some of his old friends, and given us repeated lectures, on keeping up the dignity of our house, he left us. It was during the college vacation, about twelve months after our entrance at the University, that we determined on making a tour, or voyage, round the Isles; and wishing to increase our party to the number of twenty, we made our scheme public, and soon enlisted about ten spirited young men, of our own age. We were bent on gratifying our curiosity, and resolutely determined to run every hazard in pursuit of novelty. We spent some time in sailing round the Isles; sometimes landing, and accompanying the fisherman in his toil; at others, dancing with the simple inhabitants, to the sound of their rustic music; and, not unfrequently, we cast anchor in some creek, or near a jutting

promontory; and laid ourselves down to sleep, amid the ruins of an ancient fabric; I know not how long the excursion might have lasted, had not a fatal accident terminated it.—Alas! only myself of all the party returned to Edinburgh! One very beautiful morning (O God, I shall never forget it! the remembrance of the scenes which followed, even at this distant period, harrows up my soul!) we were tempted to embark from the Isle of Jona for Saffa, where we proposed landing, and dressing some fish, which we had procured the preceding day. After our repast was ended, we proposed going to Mull, where we intended to cast anchor for the night.

The day was unusually clear, not a transient cloud obscured the bright face of the sun; whose darting rays gave, if possible, increased magnificence to the sublime prospect which opened to our view; all nature appeared in har-

monious concert to hail the return of Aurora: the soft rustling of the water, the distant sounds which reached us from the adjacent islands, the chorus of vocal music, with which nature's songsters greeted a new day, the myriads of fluttering sea birds, which darted from an amazing height to seize the scaly prey; all contributed to embellish a scene, to which the utmost labours of the painter would in vain attempt to do justice:—lofty rocks stood in natural colonnades of more than fifty feet high, as if supporting the land to which they adjoined; above were intermingled streaks of bituminous earth, stratas of rock, and huge masses of many-coloured granites; over these hung, as if threatening to destroy all who should have the temerity to approach too near their base, hill after hill, in almost ceaseless succession; the wild heath, the furze, the broom, and a few scattered

tered shrubs, which occasionally enriched part of their summits, enlivened the browze with which they were in general tinted, and gave them an appearance of verdure and fertility, which would otherwise have been wanting; on each side stretched out other collonades as far as the eye could reach, while the clear azure of an unclouded sky peeped over the whole, and gave to the distant perspective a cerulean tinge. It was a scene of which language can convey but a faint idea; it was the work of a Divine Architect, which had endured for ages, and which shall continue to endure, when the boasted labour of man shall, like its founder, moulder and decay! It was a scene which carried the mind beyond the regions of mortality; for it reminded us that the hand which had raised all this, was the same which had promised to re-unite and re-animate the soul of man; the same
which

which had given us life—which had promised us a hereafter of immortality ! Behind us was the Isle of Jona, which appeared scarcely elevated above the water, covered with the ruins of a town, and the remnants of buildings, once sacred to religious professions ; between little hillocks, which stretched behind them, for they could scarcely be denominated more, were a variety of verdant hollows, while the sea banks were almost covered with the purple blossoms of the bugloss. We landed at Saffa, about one o'clock, took our intended repast, and then proceeded towards the Cave of Fingall ; all the way walking on the pillars, which had been thrown down either by time, or the manifold convulsions of nature ; some of these reclined on one side, others were extended quite flat ; yet, which ever way they were thrown, appeared to be that in which they gave the eye perfect satisfaction.—Arrived at

the Cave, we were so much taken up with the magnificence of its appearance, that we could not be prevailed on to quit it until night almost closed in, when the sailors, with great difficulty, persuaded us to depart, fearing an approaching storm. The vessel was surrounded with multitudes of worms, which, when touched by the oars, gave a dazzling light, like that of a glow-worm; and which, the sailors assured us, were a never-failing index of an approaching tempest.—Alas! too fatally did we experience the truth of this observation.

CHAP. VIII.

IN CONTINUATION.

"The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
 "But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
 "Dashes the fire out.—O, I have suffer'd with those I
 saw suffer!

"A brave vessel, who had, no doubt, some noble crea-
 tures in her,

"Dash'd all to pieces!—O, the cry did knock against
 my very heart:

"Poor souls! they perished!—Had I been any god of
 power,

"I would have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere

"It should the good ship so have swallow'd,

"And the frighted souls within her."

ALMOST immediately after we em-
 barked, a hazy fog began to arise from
 the sea; a small drizzly rain to fall,
 dark and fearful clouds gathered over
 us; the countenances of the sailors
 threw us into universal consternation;
 the wind rose, the thunder rolled over

our heads, and roared tremendously; blue and vivid lightnings darted their forked rays around us in every direction; the transient light they afforded us, added to the dark and fearful horrors by which they were succeeded; the sea ragged mountains high, and every approaching billow yawned as if at once to overwhelm us.—O, God! who can speak our feeling? who can describe the horror of that night?—Every hope depended on keeping off at sea; and this we had the greatest possible reason to fear could not be effected; for the wind blew us directly towards a chain of rocks to the south of Jona; night shut in upon us in this situation; the lightning no longer aided us with its casual beams, the rain increased to torrents, and the haze was so thick, we had scarcely a chance of escaping the dangers by which we were surrounded.—The dreadful certainty at length reached us;

us, the vessel struck on a rock called Bonirevor at no great distance from Jona. O God! my heart shudders at the recollection of the scene which followed!—A small boat was put out, into which myself and two of the mariners jumped, with the intention of working her off—Alas! too well did we succeed!—she reeled, and with an amazing plunge, freed herself—her keel rose almost out of the water—she dipped—and we saw her no more.

One of the men in the boat had observed her motion, and cutting the rope which fastened us to her, spared us yet a little longer. Dreadful was the cry of horror which assailed us from the unfortunate sufferers; the sea broke over both sides of our little boat—the surf roared like the sound of an earthquake:—we remained for some time motionless, unable to speak or think—our faculties were, as it were, con-

gealed with horror; I know not how long we might have continued in this situation, had not a noise at the side of the boat aroused our situation—a feeble voice appeared to speak—it was a wretch struggling in the pangs of drowning; after repeated efforts, we, with great difficulty, got him into the boat.—O, merciful God! how my heart bounded with thankfulness towards thee, it was my Augustus—my only brother!—The whole of that night, we stemmed the boiling of the surge, and the beating of the tempest; and near the dawn of morning, again discovered ourselves within sight of the shore—the wished for haven was in view, yet we dared not approach it, as the violence of the surf prevented all hopes of effecting a landing with safety;—the whole of the following day was passed in the same comfortless situation—we were weak with hunger, fatigue, and watching;
towards

towards night we again made for shore, and in danger of perishing with famine, cold, and weariness—no alternative presented itself to our view, and we at last determined to attempt landing ;—the project, we well knew, was hazardous in the extreme, we bade each other an eternal adieu—I pressed my Augustus to my fraternal bosom, in speechless agony, while tears of affection, and terror streamed down his manly cheek—often did our exertions bring us within an oar's length of the beach, and as often did the recoiling waters force us back, and threaten us with instant destruction—again we approached, and again almost on shore ; when a tremendous breaker over-set our frail bark, and I lost all recollection of the past, and all hope in futurity in a state of total insensibility. On awaking from the stupor into which I had been thrown by the overturn of the boat, I found my-

self cast on shore ; by my side sat a beautiful female, who appeared to be using her utmost exertions towards my recovery ; perceiving my eyes open, she uttered an ejaculation of thankfulness—I pressed my hand on my heart, I was too much exhausted to speak—she put her finger on her lips as a token of silence. I was scarcely conscious of my own situation—I could retain but a faint and confused recollection of the past horrors :——

“ It was rather like a dream far off, than an assurance
“ Which the remembrance warrants.”

My whole body laboured under an accumulation of blows and bruises, and I almost wished to be suffered to sink into the grave unmolested, without any attempt towards my restoration ; yet I was grateful to my fair protectress—I laid her hand on my heart—I looked in her face, she appeared more than mortal ;

mortal ; two men arrived soon after, and placed me in a sort of litter ; during the short journey of two miles, my fair guardian walked by my side, frequently stopped my conveyancers while she administered to me a vivifying cordial.—

We soon reached a spacious mansion, built in the Gothic style ; here we were received by an old gentleman, who assisted in placing me in a bed ; he examined my bruises, and having given me proper applications and restoratives, left me to repose, and the care of a female domestic. In a short time, I was able to sit up, and give them some information respecting my family ; and from the old gentleman, whom I found to be Sir Archibald Macdonald, I soon learned I was the only person who had escaped from the ruthless waves alive, as the body of my beloved brother, and those of the two sailors had been washed on shore, the day after that in which Miss

Macdonald had discovered and preserved me.—I wept over the untimely fate of my Augustus, with sincere tears of affection and regret—for nineteen years had we been the faithful repository of each other's thoughts—nature appeared to have designed that we should entertain for each other a more than ordinary love—she had united us in the womb—the playfulness of infancy had endeared us to each other—the studies and amusements of youth had strongly rivetted us in chains of affection; the attachment had—

“ Grown with our growth, and strengthen'd with our strength——”

And I had fondly hoped to have seen my Augustus, in the full pride of manhood, the glory and ornament of my family;—had promised myself years of enjoyment in his society—had pictured an old age of felicity, which I was doomed

ed never to see realized. The Almighty blasted these expectations, and, in his wisdom, doomed me the sad survivor!—Alas! Mary, he has thought fit to pour upon me more bitter and aggravated woes; yet I will not repine, rather let me cry out with thankfulness——

“It is the Lord! Let him do what seemeth good unto him!”—

The gentle hearts of Sir Archibald and his fair daughter, commiserated my misfortunes—the mild eyes of the sweet Katie shed tears of sympathy with me on the loss I had sustained; the charms of her conversation insensibly soothed my soul, and stole from it the remembrance of every thing but herself.—She was, I may truly say, without exception, the most irresistibly beautiful woman I ever beheld—Alas! that *was*.—To me she has long ceased to exist—

her figure was light, airy, and graceful; her hair brown, her eyes blue, and penetrating; an inexpressible delicacy diffused itself over her whole frame; and her voice—O God! how melodious that voice was! when in benignant and gentle tones she consoled and compassionated my hapless destiny:—

“ But when she spoke of love !

“ Her voice surpass'd the harmonious warblings of
Italian song.”

As I recovered my health, who can wonder that this fascinating young woman became insensibly dearer to me than the whole world ! who can wonder that the native simplicity of her manners, the undisguised freedom and naivette with which she addressed me ; the beauty of her person, the charms of her conversation, the grace of her figure, the melody of her voice, and the noble and generous sentiments which continually fell from her

her lips, should make an interest and impression on my young heart, which no time could ever efface; how often have I gazed on her with speechless rapture, when I have beheld her, like the sun, dispersing beams of light and happiness on all around, when habited in a pale green jacket, with a kerchief of the same colour round her head; her brown hair flowing gracefully down her bosom, and her plaid carelessly buckled at the neck, waving in the wind behind her; when I have seen her enter the cabin of the poor fisherman, and unasked, administer to his wants—when I have witnessed the tear of sympathy, stealing down her lovely cheeks, at the recital of a tale of woe!

I was now intirely recovered, and began to think of returning to Edinburgh; and though I dreaded the hour which was to separate me from the lovely Katie, yet I dare not any longer retard
my

my departure. Whenever this departure became the subject of conversation, I perceived, with delight, that a sigh would agitate the gentle bosom of Miss Macdonald—the good Sir Archibald, also, lamented the loss of my society.—I ventured to hint to him my wishes, respecting his daughter—he silenced me at once by the following reply—“I should, believe me, esteem myself happy to form an alliance with you, for in such an union, I should feel satisfied in having given happiness to my child. I have a paternal esteem for you—But you know, too well, the character of your father; you know the animosity, which has long subsisted between our families; and does not your heart tell you, that he will not easily pardon such an alliance—have you mentioned this subject to my Katie?”—I assured him I had not—“Then promise me you will not,” cried he—I hesitated—“give me

me the satisfaction of knowing that the peace of my child is uninjured; she is young, tender, and ingenuous; do not trifle with her susceptibility, let her remain in ignorance of your sentiments until you have consulted Lord Newark."—"Sir Archibald," I replied, "I will deal candidly with you, I will leave this place without seeing Miss Macdonald—for I cannot meet her, and conceal the sentiments of my full heart; I will return to my father, and reveal to him my wishes—but I here solemnly swear, that while your daughter remains single, no other woman shall become my wife; yet I will never again behold her without your approbation."—"That consent," returned he, "can only follow the sanction of your father."—I quitted him and returned to Edinburgh; at which place I found letters of a long date from my parents, together with a commission and orders to join my regiment

ment immediately, as it was destined to embark for the East-Indies. No time was left for delay.—I returned to the house of the good Sir Archibald, and from him wrung a reluctant consent to unite myself to his beloved Katie;—never shall I forget the sweet smile with which she consented to become mine—never the affliction I felt at our separation which took place the day after the performance of the ceremony—“O!” cried the dear angel, as she clung round my neck in an agony of tears, “you are going to fight the battles of your country—a fatal presentiment tells me, we shall meet no more—yet we must part; honour, rigid honour demand it.—Clanrick, my beloved, I am content to resign thee!” I tore myself from her arms—and having taken an affectionate leave of the good baronet, I departed for London, in which city my father then was—he was both surprised and rejoiced.

rejoiced to see me, for he had lamented me as dead ; my mother fainted with happiness when informed of my unexpected appearance --- they had both heard of the loss of the vessel, and had given me up for ever.

“ This,” thought I, “ is the favorable moment to declare my marriage.”
—I did so.—My father was at first displeased ; but the thoughts of my recent danger, and my speedy departure, at length moved him, and he gave me his blessing, and sincere wishes for my felicity.—In about a fortnight’s time I was promoted to a captaincy, and embarked for the Indies.—I received frequent letters, both from my parents and Katie ; in one of the letters, she informed me of the death of her father, and that she intended hastening to London, there to wait my permission to embark for the Indies to join me.—I was, at the time I received this letter, confined to
my

my bed, in a very dangerous state, from one of those fevers so incidental to that country ; but I immediately dispatched a person, in whom I thought I could confide, to conduct her to me. I directed him to enquire for her at my father's house, at which place she had instructed me to seek her. Month after month stole away, and I obtained no letter either from my wife or my friend—again time rolled on, and I gained no intelligence—my heart sickened with anxiety and vexation—I intreated leave of absence, it was refused me—my mind became a prey to the most gloomy apprehensions, when I received a letter from my father, which confirmed even my worst surmises—he informed me, that my friend had been drowned, as he attempted to land from a small boat, during a boisterous gale ; and that my Katie had left her house, with the intention of visiting him in London ; but that
she

she had never arrived.—He further said, that he waited for some time ; but receiving no intelligence of her, had at length dispatched a messenger to Scotland.—Still he was ignorant of her fate, yet it was generally supposed she had either perished on the water, as she sailed to the opposite coast, or that she had been murdered.—This intelligence again confined me to my bed ; I was incapable of any exertion, consequently could not attend to my military duty.—I was permitted to return home, yet the permission was no longer of use—my happiness was irretrievably blasted !—My body was the prey of disease, my mind the victim of despair !—I arrived in London—I went to the house of my father, but could gain no news of my lost love,—I journeyed to Jona, but the journey only convinced me that she was no more.—She had been at Edinburgh, had taken leave of some of her maternal relatives.

relatives.—To that place I bent my way ; she had remained there three weeks—she had then set out for England.—I followed her route ; in a country so much frequented by travellers, it was impossible, at the distance of twelve months, to trace her steps. I discovered that a lady had been murdered in a retired part of the road, about the time in which she was missed ; and I was but too fatally convinced that it was my wife ! To the dreadful spot I went ; but not any thing belonging to her could discover to me her identity, until a small locket was found by the roadside, with the initials C. M.—this I had given her.—Alas, it was too sure ! My wife was gone for ever !—and how gone ?—O ! Mrs. Walsingham, the tender, delicate form of my Katie was butchered !—Do I live to relate it ?—Cruelly butchered, in cold blood, by the relentless hands of worse than savages—
by

by robbers !——I erected a monument to her memory—I wept over her untimely grave—I was disconsolate, forlorn, and unhappy !—I again joined my regiment, and again returned to England.—I have given up my commission.—My father is no more . Five years have passed over my head since first this misery was mine ; yet still it is unabated.—What can efface from the memory the scenes of horror implanted there ?

“ Rememb’rance wakes with all her busy train,
“ Swells at the thought, and turns the past to pain.”

It is the society, the consolation of friendship, which can alone wear out from the imagination a rooted sorrow; and I yet flatter myself it will please the Almighty to permit me to sit down in comfort, and await the time when he shall, in his good pleasure, think fit to call me hence.”

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A few weeks before our marriage was to have taken place, Mr. Nelson was seized with a severe illness, which, in a few days, deprived me of a sincere friend, and the world of one of its brightest ornaments. Mrs. Nelson was quite inconsolable; and it was long before she could attend to the regulation of her domestic affairs.—The liberality, generosity, and charity of her husband had left him little to bequeath her, except the settlement which had been made on her marriage, only one hundred a year, with which she proposed retiring to Wales, which was her native place, and spending the remainder of her days in solitude.—“With economy,” said she, as we conversed together on the subject, “my income will be ample for the expenditure of an old woman, and I shall have no wish for any thing beyond the comforts of life.”—Alas! its pleasures all died with my
1 dear

dear Mr. Nelson.—Ah! my friend, if you, who were united to your Walsingham only a few years, could feel so deeply the deprivation of his society, what must be my regret?—The husband of my youth is no more, the companion of my maturity is lost, the consoler of my old age is taken from me.—The man whom I had selected from the world, the constant friend and companion of forty years, is lost to me for ever.—You know, for you have witnessed the harmony which subsisted between us—you can, therefore, judge the reason I have to lament him.—Every hour, as it flies over my head, reminds me of my irreparable loss.—I cannot sit at my own table without recollecting that the cheerful converse, which gave a zest to the simple repast, is no more.—Every scene, every place, reminds me of him; and often, in the midst of my orisons, tears steal down my cheeks, when I reflect

flect that I can behold him no more—every little incident, which used to afford me pleasure, affords it no longer, for no longer can they awaken a beam of delight in the eye of Nelson.”—“ I cannot bear the thoughts of being separated from you,” cried I, “ my more than mother—I should despise Clanrick, could I, for a moment, suppose him capable of a wish to separate us—you shall ever experience from me the attention and affection of a daughter--I will be the comfort and support of your declining years.” The good woman wept, I placed my little Clara on her knees--you kissed off the falling tear, and putting your little arms round her neck, you said--“ Do not cry--little Clara cry too.”- -She almost devoured you with her caresses.--She promised to remain with us, and my heart felt a sensation of delight almost unknown.--“ I shall in part, then,” cried I, “ repay
my

my obligation to her--I shall be permitted to console the afflictions of her heart, to smooth the pillow of her age, to pour the balm of consolation and sympathy into her wounded bosom!"

CHAP. VIII.

IN CONTINUATION.

“ On Sarum’s plains I met a wandering fair,
“ The look of sorrow, lovely, still she bore ;
“ Loose flow’d the soft redundance of her hair,
“ And on her head a flowing wreath she wore.
“ Oft stooping as she stray’d, she cull’d the pride
“ Of every plain, she pillag’d every grove ;
“ The fading chaplet, daily she supply’d,
“ And still her hand some various garland wove.
“ Erroneous fancy shap’d her wild attire,
“ From Bethlem’s walls the poor lymphatic stray’d ;
“ Seem’d, with her air, her accents to conspire,
“ And as wild fancy taught her, thus she said.”

AS soon as propriety would permit, after the death of Mr. Nelson, I gave my hand at the altar to Lord Clanrick ; and a short time after this event, we quitted the place where we had resided, for Clanrick-Hall, in Scotland, which came
to

to my Lord, together with the title of Newark, on the death of his father.—Here we were soon comfortably and quietly settled.—I became pregnant, which increased Lord Newark's attention both to my Clara and myself; I can truly say, I think he loved my child with an affection which could scarcely admit of an increase.—Our habitation was situated in the Carse of Gowry, which is generally esteemed one of the most delightful and fertile spots in Great-Britain.—The house itself was built on the side of a small eminence, sheltered on the north by immense mountains, on the east and west by romantic woods, whose far-stretching luxuriance, while it saved the mansion from the blast, gave both beauty and verdure to the surrounding landscape; to the south, an extensive lawn presented itself to the view, and from the windows which faced it, might be seen several hand-

some seats and villas, and a distant prospect of the town of Perth.—I would give you, my love, some account of the house itself, which had been modernized in the time of the grandfather of the present Lord, and was, in every respect, commodious and convenient; but it would take up too much time, and besides, I am impatient to come to the conclusion of my narrative, for I have much yet to relate. The attentive kindness of Newark left me nothing to wish; and if I did not love him with the same ardor I had formerly done your father, I experienced the sincere and animated feelings of gratitude and friendship, which bestowed on us almost perfect felicity.—Alas! it was too great to be permanent—the kind sympathy with which this generous man heard the lamentations and garrulity of Mrs. Nelson, the deference he always paid to her opinion, the warmth with which

which he joined in her eulogium on her husband, and the respect he always paid her, made her almost idolize him.—To you, my Clara, he became a constant companion and play-fellow, and promised himself much happiness, as you grew up, in instilling into your mind the precepts of religion and virtue, and in witnessing your improvement in the numerous accomplishments he would affirm you had a genius for.—It was now near the time in which I expected to bring an increase to the family.—Ah ! in such a happy and united one as ours, it was a circumstance to which we all looked forwards with delight, as it promised an increase to our felicity—we had said, that if it was a boy, it should be named after the good Mr. Nelson ; and my aged friend had promised to be one of its sponsors.—Business of the utmost importance called Newark from us just at this period ; he left us with a

reluctance, which he in vain tried to disguise. I kept up my spirits, and promised, at his return, to present him a fine boy, as a reward for this little absence. He pressed my hand, and we separated—*never*, Clara, to meet again on earth!

It was only one evening after his departure, that, as Mrs. Nelson and myself were sitting together in the breakfast-room, one of the servants entered in great apparent alarm, exclaiming—“O, my lady, my lady! there is a woman, or the apparition of a woman, sitting on the stump of the old oak in the lawn; and I have spoken to her several times, all to no purpose; all the shouting in the world will not make her speak.” I demanded if any one had seen her besides himself? “O yes, my lady,” replied an old Scotch servant of Newark’s, “Duncan has seen her; an ye mun ken, that old Duncan Macpherson

pherson is afraid of any thing worse than himself—by the kirk, but I think it too dreadful a night for even the de’el himself, with all his fire, to be abroad.”

—“ Well,” returned I, “ John will assist you in persuading her to come in.”

—“ My lady!” said John, turning as pale as death,—“ God forgive me, a poor sinner, I would do any thing in the world to oblige so good a lady—but to talk with a ghost—an unnatural being—a *habitation* of the air—why, its more than mortal flesh and blood can bear ; for why, my lady, would any one in their sober senses sit out there, when the rain pours down in buckets full, and the wind blows quite a hurricane?—O Lord, I would not go near her for the world ; bye and bye, we shall hear her go off—*fritz!* and see a ball of fire—God only knows on what errand she may be come.—God send that my master be not dead ; something or other will come

of it, no doubt, and no good, I fear.”—
“ You told me, just now, Duncan,”
said I, “ that you were not afraid ; I
am sure I have no fear of meeting with
a supernatural being—will you go with
me to the place where you say you have
seen this being ? ” Mrs. Nelson now
endeavoured to prevent my going out,
as she was fearful of the consequences
of any alarm in my situation ; but I was
resolute ; and, with an air which nei-
ther of the men dared dispute, I com-
manded them both to follow me. The
rain poured down in torrents, the wind
whistled over our heads, as we proceeded
down the lawn ; we could scarcely keep
in the light in the lanthorn. As we ap-
proached the spot before-mentioned, I
perceived a female figure, to all appear-
ance motionless, sitting with her arms
folded. I spoke to her several times,
but could obtain no answer ; I took
hold of one of her hands—she heeded
me

me not. "Will you not," asked I, earnestly, "come into the house, it is dreadful weather?" She started, looked in my face, heaved a deep sigh, and casting her eyes on the ground, replied, "I have seen worse, much worse nights than this—what is this storm to the one here?" She laid her hand on her heart, and again relapsed into her former taciturnity. "For the love of Heaven!" cried I, "consider the consequences of a longer stay in this place, you will certainly catch your death."—"Once," replied she, in a disconsolate and melancholy tone, "once I wished to live, once I was happy; but the storm came and took my love; he went towards the sea; I have been dead; I am risen from the grave; I am now come to seek him—where is he?"—"She must be carried into the house by force," said I.—Duncan took her by the arm; she uttered a piercing shriek, then burst

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into.

into a loud laugh, and began to sing in a piteous tone of voice,

“ O, cruel was his father, which sent my love to sea ;

“ For I love my love, because I know, my love loves me.”

and suddenly rising, she attempted to quit us ; but her strength was intirely exhausted, and she sunk lifeless at our feet. The servants then bore her into the house, where we placed her in bed, and used our utmost exertions towards her recovery. After some time, she opened her eyes—“ Where am I ? ”—cried she. “ With friends,” said I, extending my hands towards her. “ Will you promise to hide me ? ” cried she—“ here comes my enemy ; I hear his voice—will you not hide me from him ? shall I not be again shut up in that horrid dungeon ?—will you give me my child ?—O, no ! you cannot—he comes, he comes ! ”—and she hid herself under
the

the bed-cloaths. I endeavoured to compose her mind ; I sent for a surgeon, who bled her ; and, having administered a dose of opium, she grew more collected. In a few days, her mind became gradually tranquilized, and the fever intirely left her, except when she attempted to recollect any of the former scenes of her life ; then, indeed, a temporary derangement followed, and was succeeded by deep gloom and melancholy.—The form of this amiable, but unfortunate being, was moulded by the hand of grace and symmetry ; and, though the frame was wasted almost to a skeleton, yet its touching interest still remained. Her face exhibited evident marks of former beauty, untimely nipped by the hands of disease and sorrow ; she appeared scarcely more than seven-and-twenty. The agitation and alarm I had recently undergone, hastened the hour of my confinement, and I

was delivered of a son, who was privately baptized by the names of Donald Nelson, agreeable to the wish of my venerable friend.

The fair stranger, (for so I shall call her) would not be prevailed on to reveal to us her name ; and, if questioned concerning her birth, gave vague and unintelligible answers, frequently calling herself " The Sad of Heart,"—or the " Daughter of Tears," or by other fanciful epithets : once she said, " I have no name ;—the wind whistled, the tempest howled, and the storm fell on my bosom ; my head ached, my heart was cold, my love was gone, an angel came and comforted me ; he pulled out the thorn which eat into my vitals—but he also is gone—the foul fiend took him—he went towards the west."—She held her hand before her eyes for some moment, then rested her head on it ; when, again recurring to her former thoughts,
she

she continued—"To the whirlwind, which blew all that night, they exposed him; but you have promised me, that I shall not see that hag any more—the fiend too, let him not find me—God, you know, hateth a liar; you know you have said you will keep me from him." —"Yes," replied I, much moved, at the same time taking her by the hand, "I here promise you never to resign you to your enemy; I will do every thing in my power to restore your peace of mind." A strange kind of sympathy attracted me towards this poor young woman—I strove to soothe her afflictions, and my kindness was not unrewarded; she appeared thankful, and, during my confinement, she scarcely ever quitted me.

At this period, I received a letter from my lord: he told me, he should return in a few days. The stranger was playing with my babe, when I read it to

Mrs.

Mrs. Nelson, she shrieked violently, sprang towards me, and caught away the letter, and in the same moment pressed it to her bosom, looked earnestly at it, and sank senseless at my feet. She continued for some time in that situation, strong convulsions followed; and when at length she recovered from them, she appeared to have relapsed into the wildest insanity, pale, dejected, and dispirited; the following day we could scarcely prevail on her to speak, and at night she contrived to steal from the hall without our knowledge—a paper was found in her chamber written all over, it was as follows:—

“ O. God! my misery is then complete! yet thou art happy, soul of my love; I feel, I know thou art happy, as thou art innocent.—Most virtuous of women, pray for me! When thou liftest up thy prayers to the throne of Grace,
pray

pray for the wretched Katie.—Pray also for him, the most beloved, the most deceived of men.—O, my sad heart ! how it beats—it bursts, it throbs—this then, thou little flatterer, is thy recompence—this is thy reward, for all thy countless hoard of tenderness ; long years have passed, yet misery remains.—Alas, time flieth ! but, alas, peace flieth with it ! tears cease to flow, for the fountain which gave them birth, is dried up—the brain aches, it cracks, it rends, it falls !—What am I ?—Where am I ?—Who am I ?—and who art thou which strivest to heal my sorrow ?—Sad is my heart—away, I know not consolation, beguile me not—thou hast defrauded me of my love—restore him to me.—Give me back the husband of my youth—restore to me the sun of my felicity.—O, thou fascinating rival, render me back my love ! Ah, too well did

did I feel the resemblance between him and thy babe ! too well did I know the counterpart of my poor Donald ; fatal, terribly did my sad heart forbode—I sought my love, in misery sought him—I have found him in the arms of another !—Man is given to change, woman to believe and be undone !—Mourn thou sad of heart, miserable Katie mourn ! thou art lost for ever, thou canst not even hope !—O God, let the phial of wrath, be all exhausted on Katie, and let Clanrick smile in peace !”

My heart sunk within me as I perused this paper, which was evidently not meant for my eye ; a fatal conviction of the truth flashed on my senses, and curdled my blood with horror ; I sank senseless on the ground—it was some time ere the efforts of Mrs. Nelson recovered me ; then I disclosed my sur-

mises, my fears to her. She treated them as childish, and chimerical; yet at the same time hinted at the propriety of seeking the poor wanderer, and endeavouring to fathom the mystery in which she appeared enveloped; after much difficulty we discovered her disguised in the hut of a peasant, some miles from the hall.—We then found, indeed, that she was Katie Macdonald, the true wife of Newark! I intreated the poor wanderer to return to the hall, while I prepared to quit Scotland for ever; purposing to retire to some secluded spot, where with my children and my kind friend, I might yet find peace; but Mrs. Nelson represented to me the propriety of leaving my boy to the care of his father; a long time I wavered between doubt and resolution, when I once again bespoke the friendship and affection of Lady Newark for my child; and, leaving Mrs. Nelson with her

her to await his lordship's return, I departed. Katie intreated me to stay, she assured me that she would consent to bury herself in some obscure retreat, where Newark might never hear of her existence; but I again urged the criminality of this step—"While I was ignorant of your existence," said I, "my affection for Newark was virtuous, it can be no longer so; I leave you then, my fair friend, in firm confidence, that my Donald will be to you the Donald you have lost; recompence to him the loss of his mother—watch over his youth with assiduous care—cherish him for my sake, as well as his father's.—Ah! my friend, I have not a doubt but you will soon be happy!—I have heard Newark's lamentations for your loss, his animated praises of your person—have seen his delight when he has recounted your numerous virtues; I know also his manly, his generous temper,
and

and am confident, that in his bosom, your care-worn heart will find peace and consolation." She pressed my hand between her's as I concluded, and falling on her knees, exclaimed—"The Almighty protect or abandon my Donald, as I protect or abandon thine! Yes, sweet babe! the remembrance of thy mother's virtues shall shield thee from distress, while thine own innocence shall be to me a source of truest love, the fondest affection—not mine own offspring shall be dearer to my heart, than thy Donald!"

We bade each other adieu, and I tore myself away from my sweet child, who I left with Lady Newark, and Mrs. Nelson; I fixed myself in this spot where I have continued ever since.—Lord Newark settled on me three hundred a year, and on my Clara, five thousand pounds.—In a few weeks, Mrs. Nelson joined us, and gave me the welcome

come information of my child's health, and Lady Newark's perfect recovery.— She brought me the inclosed manuscript and letter.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

“ O solitude ! where are the charms

“ Which sages have seen in thy face ?

• “ Better dwell in the midst of alarms,

“ Than reign in this horrible place !

“ Society, friendship, and love,

“ Divinely bestow'd upon man—

“ O ! had I the wings of a dove,

“ How soon would I taste you again !”

THE LETTER.

I KNOW not in what language to address you, my kind friend ; yet I will, I must call you my preserver, the fountress of my happiness.—Your sweet Donald is well, the kind being who brings this to you will inform you how I perform the trust reposed in me—the boy is engaging as his mother, and the united resemblance he bears to both his
parents.

parents, cannot fail to awaken and deserve my fondest love—the Almighty has surely sent him to supply to me the place of my own Donald.—Newark is all that the fondest heart can wish ; yet I need not recount his virtues to you.—O what fortitude did you possess to separate yourself from him ! My feeble mind could not sustain itself under the pressure of calamity—how much are you my superior—Alas ! you rise above me in every thing.—Accept the inclosed for your Clara.—I hope soon to behold you.—I have sent the history of my former sufferings.—Ah ! my friend, what wonder that my weak senses were over-

“ KATIE NEWARK.”

The manuscript appeared to have been written entirely for the perusal of
Newark, and began as follows :

“ I

“ I know not, best beloved of my soul, if these lines will ever reach your hands.—Alas ! I know not if the misfortunes of Katie will ever be perused by an eye of pity.—Am I then condemned to pass my life in a continuation of solitude, in joyless and uninteresting vacuity ? --- Perhaps these lines will never reach your hand, perhaps we are separated, eternally separated, from each other !—My soul shudders at the bare possibility of beholding thee no more—how my heart heaves with convulsive agony when I reflect on this subject !—Yes, Mathuen, stronger bars than oceans separate us—the unrelentless cruelty of man !—“ Yet why,” do I continually demand, “ why is it necessary so to confine me ?—What have I done ?—O man ! more savage than the tyger, why am I destined for thy prey ?—O God ! merciful and long-suffering ; where are thy judgments, that man shall dare

dare to doom his unoffending brother to misery?—We behold them not, indeed, in this world ; but a day of retribution will arrive, and then, O mine enemy, tremble !—O, Mathuen ! I know not who he is, yet I forgive him, yet I will pray for composure.—O, all merciful God ! support me !—But let me relate my woes methodically.

According to my intention, I left home soon after the death of my father. At Edinburgh I took leave of my friends, and embarked in a vessel which I was told would take me to London.—We sailed, and receded from our view. My heart was elated with the idea of meeting your parents—with the thoughts of joining my beloved.—For two days we kept off at sea ; the wind was unfavourable.—On the following night, a plank started, we were obliged to make for shore.—we landed somewhere on the south coast of Britain, which the mariners pretend-

ed

ed to have much difficulty in gaining;—Alas! I now think it was only pretence, as they affirmed the vessel to be unable to proceed without repairing.—We were about a mile from a small town, to which we proceeded; a man, of the name of Moreton, undertook to be our conductor.—We lost our way, and reached a large house; we knocked at the door—alas! my blood recoiled with horror—a gentleman appeared, he conducted us through a court, around which this once magnificent mansion was built—it was in decay, but had evidently been a noble edifice—part of the walls were propped up with wood, part buttressed with stone, and in many places it had been suffered to fall to the ground without any attempt at repairing it; yet this was only within the second inclosure, as the outer court appeared in compleat repair—the “tout ensemble” had the look rather of a prison than

a habitation—a smile passed across the face of our conductor as he handed me in, one of sarcastic irony succeeded on my remarking the gloomy appearance of the building.—“ It is easily accounted for,” said Moreton, “ my friend’s house was built in the days of feudal tyranny, when it was necessary for every one to secure both himself and his property within a fortified habitation.”—I said no more, but followed him in silence across a spacious hall, into a small parlour—the gentleman advanced, he introduced me to a man who he called Sutton, and his wife.—Mr. Sutton was a tall, raw, bony man, of about forty years of age, his features were aquiline, and strongly marked, his eye-brows arched, and overhanging a pair of dark penetrating eyes, which, however, were seldom directly turned on any one—by a sort of side-long, suspicious glance, he viewed others, while his averted face appeared

appeared to elude their scrutiny, and dread observation.—His wife was a short, thick woman, nearly his own age—her appearance immediately denoted the vulgarity of her education, and the potent libations with which she consoled herself; the coarse and disgusting manner of these people, the scrutiny which they directed towards me during supper-time; and, above all, the many facetious jokes which Mr. Sutton imagined he let fall concerning my shape, both alarmed and shocked me—the frequent checks he received from Moreton, procured me a little respite; and, intirely exhausted, I at length intreated permission to retire to rest.—Mrs. Sutton conducted me to a room, whose ancient grandeur, visibly decayed, promised but little comfort—the wind whistled and cracked through the crevices of the wainscot, which was black oak—the glass of the windows was broken in

many places; and, altogether, I never recollect having been in a more unpromising apartment—a dim fire in the hearth was the only enlivening object in the midst of all this desolation; and I determined, as soon as my hostess left me, to see what could be done towards its improvement.—Mrs. Sutton, having placed the candle on the table, wished me a good night, and departed.—I then proceeded to range the chairs before the broken casements, to block out the damp air, all the while congratulating myself that I had only one night to remain in the place, as I determined to hasten, in the morning, to the town.—My feeble efforts were ineffectual towards renovating the fire, the apartment contained neither wood or coal; and, after some time spent in fruitless exertions, I retired to bed, where, after lifting my thoughts towards him whose goodness watches over all, and praying
for

for a speedy re-union to all I held valuable on earth, I soon sunk into a profound sleep, from which I awoke not until roused by the voice of Mr. Sutton in the morning.—I took a casual view from my window, as I put on my cloaths—the day was beautifully clear and serene, the prospect was enchanting, bounded by a distant view of the ocean, upon which numerous vessels and fishing smacks were sailing.—Breakfast, however, was waiting my arrival, and I hastened down stairs.—Mr. and Mrs. Sutton were already seated at the table.—I enquired for Mr. Moreton, Mr. Sutton answered that he had taken a walk, and was not yet returned.—A confused rumbling in the hall alarmed me; I rose from my seat with precipitation; I was terrified, without knowing why; I went to the window.—“That blundering fool,” cried Sutton, with vehemence, “cannot carry a few sacks of

corn up stairs without making that cursed noise!"---" He quite flustered madam," said his wife.---" Ladies are soon alarmed in her situation," said Sutton, winking significantly.---My alarm and terror increased, I trembled from head to foot, I strove to apologize for my weakness, by alleging my long fatigue.---" Come, come," said Sutton, " never mind it-- sit down and eat your breakfast, it don't signify.---After the repast was concluded, I waited impatiently for the return of Moreton--hour after hour elapsed, and no Moreton appeared.---Mr. Sutton uttered several sarcastic observations on my anxiety, which increased every moment.---I went up stairs, and gave vent to my full heart, by a violent shower of tears---I looked out of my window, but could see no one---the door of a closet, adjoining my apartment, was open, I entered it accidentally, when, who shall speak my horror,

horror, at perceiving my trunks, and every thing that belonged to me, ranged in it!—For some moments I was unable to move, I was almost petrified with astonishment, I ran down stairs, and into the parlour where I had left Mrs. Sutton—a faint idea of the truth crossed my mind, yet I could not comprehend why I was made a prisoner.—I paused an instant at the door to collect my fortitude, I again retreated—I put on my hat and cloak, and then, with at least the appearance of composure, I prepared to take my leave of Mrs. Sutton—she seized me forcibly by the arm, and pulled me into the parlour.—“What can all this mean?” cried I, “what is become of Mr. Moreton?”—“Spare yourself all trouble on his account,” said she, “he sailed this morning in the vessel which brought you here.”—“I will also go,” cried I, “to E—B—, where I will remain until I can procure

a passage to America—I am very much obliged, madam, for the favors I have received from you, and which I will thankfully acknowledge the first opportunity ; and shall consider myself particularly indebted, if you will permit one of your domestics to conduct me to the town.”—“ I see no use for any more paraphrasing,” said she, “ the short and the long of the story is this, here you are, and here you are likely to remain ; because why, you are not likely to get out in a hurry—I dare say, the fine gentleman who sent you here knows well enough the whys, and the wherefores—that’s nothing to us—I ask no questions—if you behave well, you’ll have no reason to complain, that’s all—you shall have meat, drink, and cloathing found you ; and as for company, there’s Sutton and myself.”—“ Good God !” exclaimed I, bursting into tears, my whole frame trembling, “ I know not what will become of me !

O !

O! Madam, if you have one grain of compassion in your nature, suffer me to leave this place—no one has any right to controul me but my husband, and he is far off!”—“Your husband’s father,” said Sutton, who now entered the room.—“It is false,” cried I, “he is too noble!”—“It is also the command of your husband.”—“O horrid!” screamed I, “this is a vile fabrication, it is false as hell—O Mathuen, Mathuen! what is life, if I am condemned to be separated from thee?—I will fly to my beloved!—I insist,” continued I, turning to Mrs. Sutton, on being permitted to quit this house instantly—at your peril detain me any longer.” They replied not, but leaving the room, I heard them lock the door. My heart, from this moment, Mathuen, acquitted thee; for hadst thou wished to resign me, thy father need not to have parted us—yet I can scarcely think it was his work.—

Alas! no, my suspicions glance on another!—My soul refused all consolation—for was I not condemned to pass days, months, perhaps years, in solitude and misery, denied all intercourse with the world, uncertain of thy existence!—O my soul's love! was not also my child, thy child, the legitimate and honourable offspring of the daughter of Macdonald, deprived of every hope, and even before its birth consigned to ignominy and oblivion?—O merciful God, it was too much!—I intreated permission to go up stairs---I am even now in the solitary, dreary chamber before-mentioned---I have fortunately pen, ink, and paper in my trunk---I have written thus far, but am too ill to proceed.—O God, my soul shudders!—Mathuen, my love, O! O should I not survive!—But let me not despair.---Every attempt to leave this place, for the present, would be fruitless.—Alas! I can scarcely sit up
—my

—my heart fails—my soul is sick—my head aches—cold sweats bedew my brow.—O God! how will nature, feeble nature, sustain itself, unassisted in the hour of trial—I faint—I die!—

“A little, a short respite from pain is given me, to address thee once more, husband of my heart!—life of my life—perhaps it is the last time—O Heavens! that, perhaps, if my fears are realized, thy child, O my beloved, will never enter this world of misery!—Once more adieu!

“For many days have I been confined to my bed; but I thank God I am now better—Heaven, alone, knows what I am reserved for! but let me not, sacrilegiously, scrutinize its secret ways—how bitter have been my reflections in this gloomy period! Marthien I have, in this interval, called myself to a severe account—yet I know not that I have intentionally injured any

one—how many have basked in the sunshine of my prosperity!—Have I not made “the widow’s heart to sing for joy?”—have I not been “eyes to the blind,” and “feet to the lame?”—O my father! my husband! where are your protecting arms?

“A poor servant in the family appears to regard me with an eye of pity; I am not without hope—but will the water rise above the level of its fountain spring? No! but the spring of all virtue is the Omnipotent Creator of the Universe! And this poor servant is as much his work as the mighty Ruler of Mankind.

“Day after day elapses; week follows week; months are only marked by misery; yet the hours are numbered with sighs, since first I entered this dreary mansion—yet what is astonishing, notwithstanding my anxiety of mind, and my imprisonment, my health
is

is better than when I first arrived—everything is arranged, as well as poor Katie can arrange, for the reception of her innocent lamb. O God, thou alone knowest what the helpless infant may have to encounter hereafter—thou, alone, canst protect and support its parent!

“ Mathuen, I am a mother; my sweet Donald—tender, lovely flower! ah, why am I not permitted to present thee with a fond mother’s rapture to the embrace of thy father?—Why am I not permitted to behold the delight with which he would fold to his bosom his first-born? O, Mathuen! to thee will I recount my sufferings, in the silence, in the solitude of the night, without assistance, without even a companion, did thy Katie encounter the hour of peril! Children of sympathy, hearts of compassion, daughters of virtue, ye will scarcely believe such wretches exist

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ist—even I am sometimes tempted to doubt my senses. Mrs. Sutton visits me regularly every day ; I am permitted to walk in the court—poor Martha carries out my darling every morning—my sweet babe now sleeps beside me—something, O my beloved ! tells me we shall yet meet in *peace*.

“ Mathuen, Mathuen, my heart is congealed with horror!—Martha tells me, O God ! that they will take my child!—I cannot live without him!—Dreadful ! barbarians, ruffians, murderers, villains ! O ye shall yet feel!—Sweet babe, Heaven, in its wrath, consume thine enemies !—O my child, my child ! to the pityless tempest, to the raging of the storm, to the fury of the ocean—O my lamb !

“ Thou art gone—sighs, tears, prayers—what availed thee?—O, Death ! where art thou ? I will sit down on the cold ground—once, twice, thrice—
Mathuen

Mathuen, Mathuen, Mathuen!—My husband, come!—O, my father! where art thou?

“God sees you all—there, there, there!

“I know not the length of time which elapsed, or how I got out of my confinement; but a long, long period after this last stroke, I found myself in a mean cabin, on the sea-shore; the people near me—a fisherman, his wife, and three small children. I had no claim on their humanity but that of strong necessity; and these genuine and disinterested children of nature admitted that claim.—Dorcas, for that was the name of the woman, employed me in arranging her household affairs, and taking care of her youngest child, while she went to —, and the seats of the neighbouring gentry, with the fish her husband procured—the sweet smiles of this fascinating babe, reminded me of
my

my lost Donald, and I have wept whole days, while nursing and caressing the innocent cherub.

“ To the best of my recollection, it was summer when I first arrived at —, the cabin of Roger Smallwell—for so was this poor man called: it was situated so near to the sea; that it exposed us to all the severities of the weather; and, before winter set in, Roger determined to seek a more commodious habitation, a little way up the country; we accordingly removed to a neat cot, at the foot of a very steep hill, at some miles distance: here we continued to live some time in peace. Little Roger could now walk; and Dorcas having good credit with her neighbours, procured plenty of sewing for herself and me, which aided her husband's uncertain occupation; to complete the plan of œconomy in this little family, Roger worked with a neighbouring

neighbouring farmer whenever he had leisure; the two elder children mended his nets, and fishing-tackle.—A deep snow began to fall, yet Roger was obliged to continue his labour; and, as he generally did at this season, he left his family, to carry his fish to a more saleable market. A few days after his departure, a thaw began to take place, and Dorcas tormented herself, lest any accident should happen to her good man, from the currents he would have to encounter. The night after his departure was very gloomy and uncomfortable, and we retired to rest with a mournful foreboding, as I have since thought, of the misfortune which was soon to befall us; we had not been in bed many hours, when a loud crash on the roof of the house alarmed us; we all started from our rest; I took little Roger in my arms, and hurried down stairs as fast as possible—Dorcas attempted

tempted to follow with the other children, when, who can speak my horror, the roof fell in, and buried them, irrecoverably, in its ruins—Little Roger, and myself, were secured, for the present, beneath one side of the kitchen, which still remained, if that could be called security, which added the dread of famine to the fear of suffocation.—To the best of my calculation, we remained four days, and nights, in a state of comfortless despair—as it was Saturday when the accident happened, the day following I could distinctly hear the bells of the village church ringing for service; a few dried crusts of bread, and a little stale water, was all the nourishment within our reach. Poor little Roger cried bitterly, and my heart, independent of its own distress, felt the acutest sorrow for the sufferings of this dear child, and for the affliction his kind-hearted father would encounter

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ter at his return. Perhaps it was the perversity of human nature—or, perhaps, the effect of the snow on the stomach—or the want of occupation—or all combined; but I never, in my life, experienced so keen an appetite; Roger cried constantly for food; and, at the end of the second day, our provision was totally exhausted; my stomach ached; a gnawing seized it. The child, indeed, cried no longer for food—but an additional anxiety was now added to my mind: he was ill; his little limbs were parching; and, it appeared more than probable, that he would soon be at rest. A burning fever followed cold shiverings; no healing draught could be administered; all I could procure, to assuage his burning thirst, was a little snow, which I dissolved with my breath—poor innocent, at the conclusion of the third day, he was no more!

“ I had

“ I had now nothing to interrupt my melancholy contemplations—nothing to disturb the horror which overwhelmed my weak reason. I mourned for the good Dorcas, and her two children; I mourned also for little Roger; I again wept for my own Donald; I prayed to the Almighty to take me at once, and spare me the accumulated misery of lingering; to become, at last, the prey of famine; I now, for the first time, regretted my former prison. Alas! what a state was that which could admit of such a regret! O Mathuen, my love, in this hour of bitterest trial, I thought of thee; and, as I lifted my soul to the All-wise, I prayed for thy happiness—thy prosperity; a divine consolation appeared to reach me; the gnawings of my stomach ceased; a dimness came over my eyes, and I lost all consciousness. When I awoke from this stupor, I could plainly distinguish
a noise.

a noise over my head, and distinctly heard the sound of voices; but I was too weak to attempt to make myself heard. The noise, however, continued; and, after some time, the voice of Roger exclaimed, in a joyful tone—“God in Heaven be praised, part of the kitchen remains, they may yet live!”

“At length the light of the sun once more beamed on my weakened optics; a faintness succeeded; and it was long ere I could recount the fate of my companions. As I recovered my health, I became an object of curiosity in the neighbourhood; and my mind, which had never intirely recovered its first shock, again became unsettled. I remember quitting the vicinity of —, but can recollect little more than that I continued to ramble careless, whither I directed my steps. Seasons were alike to me; I bore the inclemency of the weather

weather, and the howlings of the storm, without dismay; for the storm in my bosom exceeded them—hunger, cold, rain, were all lost amidst the acute emotions of the heart: my body was wasted to a skeleton, and my mind gradually became reduced to the state in which I was found by an angel.

“O gentle, compassionate being! thou shalt look beyond this world for thy reward—the “blessing of her that was ready to perish” be upon thee; and while the heart of the once-forlorn Katie shall continue to beat, she will daily offer prayers to the throne of Grace for thy felicity!

“Mrs. Walsingham, my friend, my preserver!

Adieu!”

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

"The remembrance of her mother never approaches her heart,

"But the tyranny of her sorrow takes all tears from her eyes."

OUR heroine having concluded the life of her unfortunate mother, retired to rest, with a heart filled with sorrow, at the recollection of her unmerited calamities; tears of anguish and regret, stole insensibly down her cheek, when she reflected that she should never again behold her;—her memory glanced back to those days of felicity which she had passed in her society, retraced her numerous virtues, recollected every instance of her unwearied affection, and lamented the obduracy of her grandfather;

father; whose unkindness had, she doubted not, sharpened the poignancy of affliction, embittered the few hours of prosperity which had been her lot, and in all probability accelerated that malady which had eventually terminated in her dissolution.

Fancy tinted with vivid colouring, the picture imagination delighted to pourtray of the preceding summer; when unconscious of the secret motive of her delight in the society of Lewisham; she had eagerly anticipated his approach; and had beheld his departure, though only for a few short hours, with emotion of the bitterest regret; blessed with his presence and the approbation of her dear parent, the cottage of K—— had appeared almost a paradise; the company of her lover had heightened every pleasure, given an additional brilliancy to every scene, gilded every landscape; while youth untouched either

by the hand of calamity or misfortune, rejoiced in the animated glow of nature, undisturbed by regret, careless and serene, anticipating no evil for futurity.—“Happy days of innocence and peace,” cried she, “ye will return no more! the society of my beloved Lewisham may again be mine—his smiles may again irradiate the landscape, his converse enliven my sad heart; but never more can the eye of a parent witness my felicity, never again will the arms of a fond mother enclose me—how would she have rejoiced in this day—how happy would the prospect now opening to her Clara have made her! How warm, how animating was her admiration of Lord Clanrick, when known only as the obscure and indigent Netterville; how great her respect for his exalted sentiments, his benevolent heart—the benevolence of that heart would be no longer confined—no tie of affinity for-

bade her daughter's union with him—no nearness of propinquity interdicted their alliance :—She was free and at liberty, both to feel and acknowledge her regard for him ; and Clara felt that in a union with him, she could not fail of being happy.—She formed plans for extending her felicity to those around her—she would enter with Clanrick the cottage of industrious poverty.—they would make the widow's heart “sing for joy ;”—no one should lament their prosperity.—Then, in imagination, did she recur to her love—she saw him at her feet, breathing vows of love and constancy ; — his countenance glowing with transport—his voice animated and tremulous, from energy and anxiety ;—his speaking eyes bent with earnestness on her face, and lighted with a ten-fold brilliancy at the received confession of her love ; when all these fairy visions were suddenly put to flight, by a doubt,

as to the propriety of throwing herself in his way, or rather seeking him in the house of his father; it was a scruple of true love and feminine delicacy, which—

“ Would be woo’d, and not unsought be won.”

Yet how, after having agreed to Lady Newark’s proposal, was she to make known the change in her sentiments? How strange, how inconstant would she think her—how weak, how capricious, how undecided would she appear; yet she thought it was a line of conduct she ought to adopt, and she resolved to put it in practice. The following day afforded her a fair opportunity for *altering* her plan, as she found her friend had included in her party, not only her aunt, but the Nugents, Deloraines, Blanche and Captain Latimer; to refuse making one in so large

a company would appear quite prudish; and she, therefore, resolved to let things quietly take their course. Time insensibly stole away, yet it kept not pace with the wishes of our heroine.

A fortnight had elapsed since Lady Newark had written to her son—no answer was yet arrived. Her ladyship made no remark on the subject; but Clara thought her uneasiness might plainly be discerned. She began to think he was ill—that some accident had happened to him—that he had forgotten her; yet this last, the worst of all possible evils, could not be. Was it possible, that so short a period could entirely change him? Ah! no—she could not believe that he had forgotten her, yet she was angry with herself, for not having kept her first resolution of remaining in London, at least till Lord Clanrick thought proper to claim her.

The

The whole of the expedition was settled, and two days only remained ere it was to be executed, yet Lewisham neither wrote or came. Clara was vexed, was irritated, was almost miserable. It was too late to recede—the maitre de hotel, and some of the domestics, were already on their journey.—Lord and Lady Newark, Mrs. and Miss Nugent, and the Marquis of Deloraine, were to set out the following day; Miss Nutcombe and Clara were to follow the one succeeding; and the young party from Capel-street were to join them the ensuing week.

Clara took an affectionate leave of her friends in the square, and having commanded her luggage to be sent after her, got into a hackney coach, and ordered it to drive to St. Martin's.

This was the first time she had entered the house since the death of her grandfather. A thousand painful re-

lections crossed her mind, as she proceeded towards the parlour; but who can speak her astonishment, when she beheld her aunt and her new footman, Orlando, in apparently earnest and familiar conversation, seated at a table which was strewed with books, pens, ink, and paper, laying in confused heaps in every direction. Miss Nutcombe started, turned pale, and coloured, in defiance both of rouge and pearl-powder. She attempted to speak, but her agitation was too great; while the young man making a distant and respectful bow, quitted the apartment.—The countenance of Clara demanded an explanation of the scene she had just witnessed, but demanded it in vain;—and too proud to make any comment, she hastily quitted the room, and retired to that which she had formerly occupied, to make some arrangements.—“Law’s, Mem,” said her woman, who
had

had lived with Mrs. Walsingham many years, "only to think of that old madam—I dare swear she was in a nice *frustration* when you caught her?"—"I do not understand you," said Clara, wishing to repress her familiarity, "you cannot surely speak of my aunt, by the disrespectful appellation of the old madam?"—"Law's, Mem, I hope you ben't angry," said the valuable servant—"but indeed my respect for her is not much decreased, since Mr. Rowlando came here in the *compacity* of a footman—why, only think, mem, if my lady does not *misapply* herself when she permits Rowlando into her bed-chamber."—"Her bed-chamber! its impossible!"—said Clara, "you are dreaming."—"No, indeed, mem, I ben't dreaming; as sure as I'm a living sinner, he went into her apartment last night, after she was in bed; and I must own I was a little *curos* or so, and I just puts my ear

to the key-hole, and I heard them run on such a rigmarole about love, and bowers, and innocence, that I must believe me, that young man has either reduced her modesty, or abused her virtue."—Clara, now, severely reprimanded the girl for her freedom of speech, and threatened her with an instant dismissal, if she heard any thing of the kind in future; and, having concluded her arrangements, she joined her aunt in the parlour.

The evening passed off tolerably well; and though she could not avoid reflecting on the strange scene she had witnessed, at an early hour the following morning, she was ready to join Miss Nutcombe; who, with her constant cicisbeo, Orlando, soon after appeared, and they set off immediately, purposing to breakfast at Barnet.

The morning was delightfully pleasant, and Clara rejoiced that she was
going

going to inhale the pure air of the country, so mild and refreshing at this season (the month of April), and she almost regretted the termination of their morning's drive, when the chaise stopped at Barnet.

Nothing worth relating occurred to our travellers till they reached Edinburgh, at which place, Miss Nutcombe complained of indisposition, and accordingly resolved to rest for a few days. Clara was secretly pleased at this, as she was both mortified and disappointed at Clanrick's neglect—she had anticipated a meeting with him, she had flattered herself that he would have sought her, eagerly sought her, on the first intimation of the recent discovery; but, to her astonishment and regret, he neither came or sent.—What could be his motive for such cruel, such unaccountable conduct?—What could have induced him to profess a regard for her.

which he felt not?—or what could prevent his flying to meet her, if indeed he still retained any affection for her?—Was it possible that he was ill?—unable to travel!—she knew not what to think, her anxiety increased every hour. Miss Nutcombe had retired to her chamber, and poor Clara sat alone, buried in melancholy retrospection, in a small parlour near her, a prey to anxiety, yet anxiety for the health of her aunt did not form any part of her fears; for, notwithstanding her professed indisposition, Clara thought she had never seen her look better, or eat with a keener appetite, she therefore concluded her malady to be an effervescence of that ill-humour which she had often accustomed herself to indulge in, and which she determined to await the departure of patiently, not doubting but that, on its abatement, they should proceed, without delay, to Clanrick.—Having finished

ed her supper, she rang the bell, and desired Orlando to try if he could not procure her a book, and he presently returned with one ; and having read for some time, she visited her aunt, who declared herself considerably better, and then retired to rest, in a small room, which was divided from that of the invalid, by a thin wooden partition. She had not been in bed more than half an hour, when she heard the sound of voices, as she thought, in her aunt's chamber ; and hastily slipping on her cloaths, she rose, intending to go to her assistance ; but, after listening a few moments, she distinguished a man's voice, and concluded it to be one of the domestics, in the passage adjoining the two rooms ; again she listened, and could almost have sworn that it proceeded from the next apartment.--Immediately after, she heard some one say distinctly, in a low voice---“ Gertrude, my

dear Gertrude, where have you secreted the rebels?"—She trembled with terror and astonishment, she again endeavoured to listen, but the conclusion of the speech was delivered in so low a tone, that she could distinguish only a few inarticulate sounds.—Again, however, she heard the same voice say—"If we should be discovered, we are undone—what shall we do?"—In the utmost trepidation and alarm, Clara thought of calling some of the people of the house, when her aunt's voice stopped her, and she was lost in an increase of surprise and terror.—She caught a few of her words—"In the closet you will find concealed,"—Miss Nutcombe dropped her voice—she heard no more. The man's voice asked—"Have you secured the trunk?" and then added, after a few moments silence—"Has Miss Walsingham any suspicion of our design?" to which her aunt replied—"Not an idea,"

idea," and they continued the conversation in a whisper. She now returned to bed, but to sleep was impossible; a variety of surmises arose in her mind, the most prominent was, that of Orlando's being a rebel, whom her aunt concealed; and she now recollected numerous circumstances, which convinced her that Orlando was above a common footman—a vague fear that his discovery would involve her aunt in perplexity, harrassed and vexed her, and she arose with an appearance of agitation and alarm, which would have given her the look of guilt before any court of judicature in Christendom.

CHAP. XI.

"Never man sighed truer breath."

CLARA was unwilling to awaken her aunt, and therefore, as soon as the family were stirring, she went down stairs; and having requested the hostess to be particularly attentive to Miss Nutcombe during her absence, she desired to have a guide to the castle.—“Here, John,” said the landlady to her son, a lad of about fourteen years of age, “show this bonny lassie up to our bra’e castle.” The boy immediately put on his hat, with an air of chearfulness and hilarity, which greatly pleased our heroine; and during the walk of three quarters of a mile, he explained to her, in a sensible and intelligent manner, the

the different objects which presented themselves to the view: it is scarcely possible for language to do justice to the grand and magnificent scenery which opened before our fair traveller. The whole of the vast city was discernible at once, together with a most extensive view of the river Forth, the shipping, and the opposite shore of Fife; and, in the back ground, almost concealed in grey mist, rose several hills, which were distant more than forty miles, and bordered the Highlands. Clara was lost in astonishment and admiration, when an exclamation from behind caused her to turn suddenly round, and she beheld Lord Clanrick—his arms folded, earnestly contemplating her figure; she started, trembled, and turned pale; she imagined he had come from Clanrick to meet her; she felt mortified that he had not sought her before.—“ Good Heavens!”

vens!" cried he, advancing towards her—"my Clara, my beloved Clara!—Miss Walsingham! my—my—" he paused, hesitated, and after struggling a few moments for composure, he said, "By what extraordinary chance do I now see you?" Clara felt abashed; she thought he was displeased at her coming to Scotland—that he considered her conduct indelicate; she was shocked, and angry, and answered coolly, "I am with my aunt at the ——," and began to descend the hill in the same moment.—"Clara," exclaimed he, "my once beloved Clara!—my sister, my friend! how have I lost your esteem?—what have I done to forfeit your regard? Oh, if you knew half the anguish, the despair, which I have felt—which I still feel; the pain which the knowledge of our affinity has cost me—if you knew half the sorrow, which at this moment
overwhelmed

overwhelmed my sad heart, you would pity me."

Clara attempted to reply, but emotion prevented her utterance. Lewis-ham it was plain, had not received his mother's letter: he knew not of the eclaircissement which had been made, and his neglect was at once accounted for. She wished to inform him, that they were not related to each other, but was restrained by timidity; she extended her hand towards him, "will you go with me," said she, "and see Miss Nutcombe?" he looked at her with a countenance of the deepest regret, "I cannot go with you," said he, shaking his head, "I dare not go with you; hope has, indeed, left me—but my strong, my uncontrollable affection, still remains—Clara, I cannot behold you with indifference!"—"Ah!" returned she, "believe me, I wish it not—I should be miserable if I could, for
a mo-

a moment, suppose that you beheld me with indifference ;” she still walked on---“ O never, never, I fear, continued he, “ can I reduce my feelings to the cool and dispassionate medium of brotherly regard ; my whole frame is even now convulsed by agitation—Clara, I must leave you !”—“ Can you not perceive, from my conduct,” said she, “ that something has occurred to render our avoiding each other no longer necessary ? Lewisham, I have much to relate, but this is not a proper place.”—“ O Clara, for Heaven’s sake keep me not in suspense ! tell me, I beseech you, at once, what is it you allude to ?—Is it, can it be, possible, that we were mistaken—is not Lord Newark my father—is he not also yours ?”—“ Yours, but not mine,” answered she, smiling, and extending her hand towards him. “ Come, will you now refuse to accompany me ?” Lewis-
ham

ham pressed her offering hand to his lips, and then sliding it within his arm, they walked towards the inn, regardless of their attendant, who followed at a short distance. During their walk, Clara explained every occurrence which had befallen his family since his departure, and concluded her narration with informing him that his mother was already at Clanrick, towards which place herself and her aunt were travelling, when a slight indisposition in the latter had detained them a day in Edinburgh. "But pray, my Lord," continued she, as they entered the house, "where have you been since you left London, for I find you have not been at Clanrick?"—"Yes, my Clara," said he, gazing delightedly in her countenance, "I have been at Clanrick, but I have since that been at K——. I have traeced every spot which was so dear from the remembrance of my love—O
how

how dreadful was the revulsion of my feelings, as these scenes, while they reminded me of my love, reminded me that I had no longer a hope of obtaining her—that I ought not even to think of her : tell me, my sweet girl ! do you not pity me ?” He looked earnestly in her face, which was covered with blushes.—“ Clara, continued he, taking one of her hands, while, with his arm folded round her waist, he pressed her to his bosom, “ tell me, my gentle-Clara, do you love me ?”—“ What a question !” said she, timidly, glancing her eyes towards him, “ are you not convinced of my regard for you—has not my conduct ever shewn you my esteem ?”—“ Oh ! talk not, my beloved, of esteem—tell me not of regard—tell me, at once, my Clara, that you love me ; render me happy—for ever happy, by saying that you love me—that you will be mine !”—I do promise to be yours for ever.”

ever," said Clara, presenting him her hand; he caught her in his arms with rapture, while the big tear of united feeling and felicity stole gently down his cheek, and he almost thought his happiness too great to be permanent. The sound of Miss Nutcombe's bell roused our heroine from an interesting *tete-a-tete*, and she hastened to her aunt's chamber, who still complained of indisposition, but said that she should proceed without delay, to Clanrick, on the following morning.

Clara informed her of the arrival of Lord Clanrick, and then returned to him, and made breakfast: it was the sweetest meal she had ever known, though neither his lordship or herself ate a morsel; and, as soon as it was concluded, they strolled out to view some of the public buildings, and to enjoy each others conversation uninterrupted. Every thought of Clara's pure heart

was

was now laid open to the view of her enraptured lover; and he was lost in admiration of that true propriety and delicacy of conduct, which had so long kept him in ignorance of her regard for him; in mutual and delightful retrospection they passed the day, for Miss Nutcombe did not rise until late in the evening, and retiring early to rest, they anticipated the approach of a new morning, and the bright prospects which opened to their view.

So taken up was our heroine with her own reflections, that the alarm of the preceding night was wholly forgotten, till the same voice in her aunt's apartment again awakened her attention; yet such a change had been wrought in her feelings, by the presence of Lewisham, that she was neither terrified or alarmed, but impelled, by motives of strong curiosity; she, nevertheless, listened, and soon distinguished the voice of the new favourite,

Orlando. Still the whole of the conversation appeared to turn on some concealed rebel; when, after some time spent in bewildering conjecture, the following dialogue, recited by Orlando, in a theatrical tone of voice, discovered to her, that they were engaged in a work of poetical composition, and that the rebel they were so anxious to secure, was an *effusion* of the gentleman in waiting; for she did not believe that her aunt had any talent for the sublime. —He began, evidently with the first scene of his tragedy:—

Enter ELEANORA, followed by FITZ-EDWIN.

FITZ-EDWIN.

“Hear me, my Eleanora—hear me, ’tis the last trial I will make of love;
That love, which you have often sworn should be for ever mine—”

ELEANORA.

“Oh, Fitz-Edwin! recall not to my memory those days of happiness and peace,
Which are for ever fled.—You were no traitor then,

When,

When, in the calm retreat of love and hope, in the sweet
bowers,

Of your paternal home, you woo'd me for your bride ;

You were no traitor, proudly pre-eminent above your peers,

My heart acknowledg'd then no lord but you ;

For you it wasted daily prayers to Heaven :

A sweet memorial of true faithful love.

But it is pass'd, and I must strive to lose each fond re-
membrance,

And learn to think Fitz-Edwin what he is—a traitor to his
country !”

FITZ-EDWIN.

“ And can your heart, my *Eleanora*, once fondly yielding
to the voice of love,

Discard, reject, and cast me off for ever ? Can you forget
those vows

Which a few moons were destin'd to attest, and ratify be-
fore omniscient Heaven ?

How oft, ye gods, have these encircling arms press'd *Elca-*
nora to the breast of truth !

How often has the maid, in speechless transport, lifted the
liquid lustre of her eye,

In grateful adoration to that power which bless'd her with
Fitz-Edwin's love !”

ELEANORA.

“ Yes ! I have lifted up my heart to heaven, in humble
gratitude for faithful love :

I have, at morn, at noon, at eve, at night, bless'd the kind
providence which rul'd mankind,

For thy affection—but it is past—no longer rapture can
possess my breast——

Forlorn

Forlorn and silent, I lament the change—the change in
thee !

Fitz-Edwin, thou art fall'n from the high summit, where,
enthroned, the world

Regarded thee with envy.—Thou art fall'n !—

What could ambition, fortune, pride require, which thou
possess'd not ?

What could love bestow, but a good faithful heart, and that
was thine !

The wide domains of thy forefathers bless'd thee with
abundance.

Nay, more—with power to gratify, and raise the humble,
Whose voices hail'd Fitz-Edwin, their preserver !

Yet this was nothing ; thy boundless avarice would grasp
at all.—

Accuse me not of broken faith—my love was fix'd on
virtue ;

Once degraded, it ne'er can rest upon Fitz-Edwin more !”

FITZ-EDWIN.

“ Oh, Eleanora !—what a heart is thine !—Has liberty no
charm to gain thy love ?

Will not the tongues of millions, rescued from oppression,
woo thee to be mine ?

They must, they shall ; ambition, fortune, wealth, I can
despise,

When plac'd in opposition to the love I bear my native
land.

’Tis liberty and love my soul requires ; I will possess them—
You must—you shall be mine !——”

ELEANORA.

"Never!—These arms shall never clasp a traitor!
This breast, tho' torn by anguish at thy fall, shall never
press the heart of treason.

This heart, this lacerated heart, shall cease to beat, ere I
forget my duty——

Fitz-Edwin leave me.——"

FITZ-EDWIN.

"I will not, cannot leave you; there is a kind of fascina-
tion near you,

And my soul sickens at the thoughts of parting.

On my knees, Oh, Eleanora! I implore your pity!"

ELEANORA.

"Ask me to lay down life? Fitz-Edwin, I obey thee."

FITZ-EDWIN.

"What shall I say, to win you to my arms?

How shall I prove my strong relentless passion?"

ELEANORA.

"By giving up thy treason—by laying down thy arms;
By stooping to the mercy of thy king.—O, my sad heart,
lament and die!

Now, Eleanora, sink into the tomb—Fitz-Edwin loves
thee not."

FITZ-EDWIN.

"By heaven, my passion at this moment rages, and con-
sumes my vitals!

Oh, Eleanora! it is in vain, no power in heaven or earth
can reconcile

The jarring interests which possess my soul;—yet still I
love thee,

With

With a flame as pure, as fond, as fervent, and as virtuous,
As thy unsullied fame."

ELEANORA.

" And here I swear, that, next to Heaven, and his fair
fame, I love Fitz-Edwin;
Only thy honour I prefer to thee. O, recollect in time,
Fitz-Edwin,
The nameless horrors of a civil war—and be not cruel to
thine own repose.
View but a moment, the countless ravages, and deeds of
horror,
Our native land, Hibernia, suffers from her butcher sword.
See towns devoted, villages laid waste, plains delug'd
with the blood
Of murder'd millions!—See savages rejoicing at the glut
of human gore!
Behold the Frenchman landed on thy coast!—Think'st
thou *his* heart
Can feel for human sufferings?—No!—*He* has witness'd
torture unappall'd;
Has smil'd to see the agonies of thousands; has serv'd up
myriads for an ev'ning's sport:
And once secure, encas'd, and fortified, thy native land
will be his prey—not *thine*.
And thou wilt change a master full of mercy, a king
anointed by the hand of heaven,
Appointed by the voice of acclamation—for tyrants, rais'd
from the vilest,
Lowest, ebb of human misery. In that sad hour, perhaps
a villain,
Reeking in the blood of innocence, shall fix an eye of lust
on Eleanora!

Where

Where will she then find shelter—in thine arms ? Ah, no !

—In death :

For only death can save from violation !”

FITZ-EDWIN.

“ O, Eleanora ! thou hast touch’d my soul !—take, take
me to thine arms !

For I am wholly thine.—Do with me as thou wilt.”

ELEANORA.

“ Here then I fix my resting place for ever ; thy breast my
safeguard,

And thy truth my hope.—O, my sad, sad heart has known
no joy,

Or comfort, since the dread moment of our separation.

FITZ-EDWIN.

“ Oh, Eleanora ! I have been most wretched ; no sleep
has visited my eyes by night ;

No balm of consolation has been shed on my benighted
soul, since

I have wander’d from the path of rectitude—from Heaven
—from thee !

Restore me to thine arms, to innocence, to virtue, to those
paths of right,

Which, strewn with thorns, will still be lovely.

And to the inward consciousness of peace and virtue,

Which, in the hour of death, will calm the anguish of dis-
ease,

And bid the mind look forth beyond the grave !

As the poor dove, who from the ark was sent,

No resting place on heaven or earth could find ;

But

But quick return'd, ere all his breath was spent,
To seek that ease which he had left behind.
So to thy love, thy arms, and to thine heart,
I rush once more ; determin'd that no wile or art
Again shall separate, or bid us part !"

THE CONCLUSION.

THE following day beheld our lovers encompassed by a host of friends, who delightedly hailed the arrival of Clara, while they rejoiced to behold her accompanied by Clanrick, which was a happiness they dared not hope for. Lady Newark clung round the neck of her son, enraptured once more to see him in the possession of felicity, while she congratulated his companion and herself on the bright prospect which now opened before them, while the more manly and restrained affection of Lord Newark taught his son first to lift his eyes to the great Disposer of events, who had thus mercifully withdrawn the only shadow which obscured their general happiness.

Clanrick, and the fair object of his solicitude and affection, had been taught,

in

in the school of adversity, to properly estimate the blessings of this life, and had learned to be content with that share of felicity which is in general allotted to mortality ; they felt the uncertain tenure by which transitory and earthly bliss was theirs, and they looked up with gratitude to the Author and Giver of it, while they anticipated in their union with each other, not an exemption from the common cares incident to the rest of the world, or a freedom from the imperfections and frailties of human nature, but that chastened and delicate affection, that combination of friendship and sympathy, which should predispose them to view the faults of each other with kindness and consideration, while, in gratitude to Him who had done so much towards making them happy, they felt an added duty imposed on them in the discharge of the trust committed to their care ; and resolved, by
bene-

benevolence, and charitable exertions, to become useful to society, and happy in themselves.

The succeeding week increased the family of Lord Newark, the whole party arrived from Capel-street, which added not a little to the festivity at Clanrick—when, to their astonishment, Latimer recognised in Orlando a very old acquaintance.—Young Bentley, for that was his name, advanced to Lord Newark, and having apologised to him for entering his house under a fictitious character—proceeded to inform him that he was the son of — Bentley, of Essex, and that six weeks before the present period, Miss Nutcombe had condescended to transform him into “Benedict, a married man.”

The presence of Mrs. Bentley could scarcely restrain the general disposition for laughter which pervaded the company, at the great disproportion of age between
between

between the venerable damsel and her youthful spouse ; but Clara rejoiced to find the business had so terminated, and was the first to offer her congratulations to the happy couple, and her example was soon followed by the whole company.

Latimer's impatience to hear the history of his friend's life, since they had separated at the University, could not be restrained ; and, taking him aside, he begged that he would " all his pilgrimage dilate."

To the generality of my readers, the flights of Pegasus, in the airy regions of fancy, the walks of Parnassus, and the perambulations of an hero in a garret, with an occasional slide into a three-penny eating-house in a cellar at St. Giles's, besides a variety of vagaries and fortunes, which great geniuses, as well as great generals, are subject to in this world of chance and change ; would
afford

afford little amusement, while his compositions would, perhaps, excite neither applause or admiration.—I shall, therefore, content myself with observing, that from the time of this fortunate conclusion, of his poetizing, rhiming, and scribbling, both he and his fair colleague, ceased their nocturnal orgies, and reposed quietly in their beds, like the rest of the world.

The family seat of Clanrick was the scene of happiness; and the following week, the lord of the castle espoused the lovely Clara—Blanche, and her cousin, attended as bride maids, while Latimer and Mathuen looked forward to the ensuing winter, which was to behold them also the willing slaves of Hymen.

That vice, when even triumphant in this world, is generally punished by the agonies of conscience, I trust, has been exemplified in the character of Nugent; and that virtue cannot be cast down, even

even by the greatest possible depth of mortal suffering, I have also endeavoured to prove.—That the afflicted have scenes of consolation beyond the grave, hopes which no persecution can destroy, and which distress rather tends to strengthen, is sufficiently obvious to every rational being—since, if this life were the ultimatum of our wishes, a good man would not fail of being happy—that he is not, cannot be so on earth, proves that this is not his “abiding place,” and that his trials are intended to wean his mind from a state of mortal hope, and to fix his wishes upon permanent and unchangeable felicity.—Had man no hope beyond the grave, where would he fly in the hour of distress?

“Where can the wretched, weeping o’er their
woes,

“The dying trembling at the awful close,

“Where the betray’d, forsaken and oppress’d,

“Those thousands whom the world forbids to rest,

- " Where should they find, those comforts at an end,
" The scripture yields, or hopes to find a friend :
" Sorrow might muse herself to madness then,
" And, seeking exile from the sight of men,
" Bury herself in solitude profound,
" Grow frantic with her pangs, and bite the
ground !"

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